

THE
 Unhappy Favourite:
 OR, THE
 Earl of ESSEX.
 A
 TRAGEDY:

Acted at the
 Theatre-Royal,
 By Their Majesties Servants.

Written by *John Banks.*

*— qui nimios optabat Honores,
 Et nimias poscebat Opes, numerosa parabat
 Excelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior esset
 Casus & impulsæ præceps immane Ruinæ. Juven. Sat. 10.*

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THE
Mr. J. H. B. Bull. - 1892

Unhappy Favourite:

OF THE

Earl of ESSEX.

TRAGEDY:

As acted at the

Theatre-Royal

by Their Majesties Servants



To the Most High and Most Illustrious

PRINCESS,

The LADY

ANNE,

Daughter to His

Royal Highness.

MADAM,

I Humbly lay before your Highness Feet
an Unhappy Favourite, but 'tis in Your
Power to make him no longer so; Not
his Queens Repentance, nor her Tears cou'd
Rescue him from the Malice of his Enemies,
nor from the violence of a most unfortunate
Death; but your Highness, with this unspeak-
able Favour, and so Divine a Condescension in
Protecting this once pity'd Hero, will make
him live Eternally; and those who cou'd scarce
behold him on the Stage without weeping,
when they shall see him thus exalted, will all

The Dedication.

turn envious of his Fortune, which they can never think deplorable while he is grac'd by your Highness. For my own part, I tremble to express my Thanks in so mean Language, but much more when I wou'd pay my Tribute of just Praises to your Highness; 'tis not to be attempted by any Pen, Heav'n has done it to a Miracle in your own Person, where are Written so many admirable Characters, such Illustrious Beauties on a Body so Divinely fram'd, that there is none so Dull and Ignorant, that cannot read 'em plainly. And when You vouchsafe to cast your Eyes on those beneath You, they speak their own Excellencies with greater Art and Eloquence, and attract more Admiration than ever *Virgil* did in his Divinest Flight of Fancy, than *Ovid* in speaking of his Princess, or *Appelles* in drawing of his *Venus*: Nor are Your Vertues, or Your Royal Blood less admirable, sprung from the Inestimable Fountain of so many Illustrious *Plantagenets*, that I stand amaz'd at the Mightiness of the Subject which I have chosen; besides the awful Genius of your Highness, bids me beware how I come too near, lest I prophane so many Incomparable Perfections in so Sacred a Shrine

The Dedication.

as Your Highness Person, where You ought to be ador'd, and not seen: For, like the Ancient Jews in their Religious Worship, 'tis a Favour for me to remain on the outward steps, and not approach nigh the Vail where the Croud never come: This, most Illustrious Princess, ought to check my hand, lest in attempting your Highness Character, my Apprehension of the Excellence of the Subject, and the danger of miscarrying, should make my Fancy sink beneath so Glorious a Burthen; Therefore I will forbear troubling your Highness any further with the Rashness of my Zeal; nor dare I be dictated any longer by it, but will conclude, in hopes that, when hereafter I may chance to Record the Memory of a Princess, whose Beauty, Fortune and Merits are greater than *Homer* ever feign'd, or *Tasso* Copy'd, I may have leave to draw her Pattern from your Highness, and when that is done, the rest of my Life shall be employ'd in Prayers for your Eternal Happiness, which be pleased to interpret as the Duty of,

M A D A M,

Your Highness's Most Obedient,

Most Humble, and

Most Devoted Servant,

John Banks.

Persons Represented.

The Earl of Essex.
Earl of Southampton.
Burleigh.
Sir Walter Rawleigh.
Lieutenant of the Tower.

Mr. Clark.
Mr. Gryffin.
Major Mohun.
Mr. Disney.

Queen Elizabeth.
Countess of Rutland Secretly}
Married to the Earl of Essex:}
Countess of Nottingham.

Mrs. Quyn.
Mrs. Cook.
Mrs. Corbett.

Women.

Gentlemen, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE
WHITE-HALL,
AND THE
TOWER.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Major Mohun, the First Four Days.

THE Merchant, joyful with the Hopes of Gain,
Ventures his Life and Fortunes on the Main ;
But the poor Poet of finer does Expose
More than his Life, his Credit, for Applause.
The Play's his Vessel, and his Venture, Wit :
Hopes are his Indies, Rocks and Seas, the Pit.
Yet our good-natur'd Author bids me swear
He'll Court you Still, the more his Fate draws near ;
And cannot chuse but blame their Feeble Rage
That Crow at you, upon their Dunghill Stage ;
A certain sign they merit to be Curst,
When, to excuse their faults, they cry Whore first.
So oft in their dull Prologues, 'tis exprest,
That Critick now's become no more a Jest ;
Methinks Self-interest in 'em more should Rule ;
There's none so impudent to ask a Dole,
And then to call his Benefactor Fool ?
They Merit to be Damn'd as well as Poor,
For who that's in a Storm, and hears it roar,
But then would Pray, that never pray'd before ?
Yet Seas are calm sometimes ; and you like those,
Are necessary Friends, but Cursed Foes :
But if amongst you all he has no Friend,
He humbly begs that you would be so kind,
Lay Malice by, and use him as you find.

PROLOGUE

Spoken to the KING and QUEEN at their Coming
to the House, and written on purpose

By Mr. D R I D E N.

W H E N first the Ark was Landed on the Shore,
And Heav'n had vow'd to curse the Ground no more;
When Top of Hills the Longing Patriarch saw,
And the new Scene of Earth began to draw;
The Dove was sent to View the Waves Decrease,
And first brought back to Man the Pledge of Peace:
'Tis needless to apply when those appear
Who bring the Olive, and who Plant it here.
We have before our Eyes the Royal Dove,
Still Innocence is Harbinger to Love,
The Ark is open'd to dismiss the Train,
And People with a bitter Race the Plain.
Tell me you Powers, why should vain Man pursue,
With endless Toil, each Obj^t that is new,
And for the seeming substance leave the true——
Why shou'd he quit for hopes his certain good,
And loath the Manna of his daily food?
Must England still the Scene of Changes be,
Tost and Tempestuous like our Ambient Sea?
Must still our Weather and our Wills agree?
Without our Blood our Liberties we have?
Who that is Free would Fight to be a Slave?
Or what can Wars to After-times Assure,
Of which our Present Age is not secure?
All that our Monarch would for us Ordain,
Is but t^o Injoy the Blessings of his Reign.
Our Land's an Eden, and the Main's our Fence,
While we preserve our State of Innocence;
That lost, then Beasts their Brutal Force employ,
And first their Lord, and then themselves destroy:
What Civil Broils have cost, we know too well,
Oh let it be enough, that once we fell.
And every Heart conspire with every Tongue,
Still to have such a King, and this King Long.

T H E

I

T H E
Unhappy Favourite :
O R, T H E
EARL of ESSEX.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

[*Countess of Nottingham, Burleigh at several Doors.*
The Countess reading a Letter.

Not. **H** E L P me to rail, prodigious minded *Burleigh*,
Prince of bold *English* Councils, teach me how
This hateful Breast of mine may Dart forth words
Keen as thy Wit, Malicious as thy Person ;

Then I'll caress thee, stroak thee into shape.
This Rocky dismal Form of thine that holds
The most Seraphick Mind, that ever was ;
I'll heal and Mould thee with a soft Embrace ;
Thy Mountain Back shall yield beneath these Arms,
And thy pale wither'd Cheeks that never glow,
Shall then be deck'd with Roses of my own —
Invent some new strange Curse that's far above
Weak Womans Rage to Blast the Man I Love.

Burl. What means the fairest of the Court, say what
More cruel Darts are forming in those Eyes
To make Adoring *Cecil* more unhappy ?
If such a Wretched, and declar'd hard Fate
Attends the Man you Love, what then, bright Star,
Has your Malignant Beauty yet in Store
For him that is the Object of your Scorn :
Tell me that most unhappy, happy Man,
Declare who is this most ungrateful Lover ?
And to obey my lovely *Nottingham*
I will prefer this dear Cabal, and her
To all the other Councils in the World ;

The Unhappy Favourite:

Nay tho' the Queen, and her two Nations call'd,
And sinking *England* stood this hour in need
For this supporting Head, they all shou'd sue,
Or perish all for one kind look from you.

Not. There spoke the *Genius*, and the Breath of *England*.
Thou *Esculapius* of the Christian World!

Methinks the Queen, in all her Majesty,
Hem'd with a Pomp of Rusty Swords, and duller Brains,
When thou art absent, is a naked Monarch,
And fills an idle Throne till *Cecil* comes

To head her Councils, and inspire her Generals —

Thy uncouth self that seems a Scourge to Nature

For so maliciously deforming thee,

Is by the Heavenly Powers stamp'd with a Soul

That like the Sun breaks through dark Mists, when none

Beholds the Cloud, but Wonders at the Light.

Burl. O spare that Angel's Voice till the last Day,
Such Heav'nly Praise is lost on such a Subject.

Not. Let none presume to say, while *Burleigh* Lives,

A Woman wears the Crown; Fourth *Richard* rather,

Heir to the Third in Magnanimity,

In Person, Courage, Wit, and Bravery all,

But to his Vices none, nor to his End

I hope.

Burl. You Torture me with this Excess —

Were but my Flesh Cast in a Purer Mould,

Then you might see me Blush. But my hot Blood

Burnt with Continual thought, do's inward Glow;

Thought like the Sun still goes its daily Round,

And Scorches, as in *India*, to the Root —

But to the Wretched Cause of your disturbance;

Say, shall I guess? is *Essex* not the Man?

Not. O! Name not *Essex*, Hell, and Tortures rather,

Poisons and Vultures to the Breast of Man

Are not so Cruel as the Name of *Essex* —

Speak, good my Lord; nay, never speak nor think

Again, unless you can allwage this worse

Than Fury in my Breast.

Burl. Tell me the Cause.

Then cease your Rage, and Study to Revenge.

Not. My Rage! It is the Wing by which I'll Fly

To be Reveng'd — I'll ne're be Patient more.

Lift me my Rage, nay, Mount me to the Stars,

Where I may Hunt this *Peacock*, tho' he lies

Close in the Lap of *Juno* — *Elizabeth*;

Tho' the Queen Circles him with Charms of Pow'r,

And hides her Minion like another *Circe*.

Or, *The Earl of Effex.*

3

Burl. Still well Instructed Rage, but pray disclose
The Reason of the Earl's Misfortune.

Not. You are;

My Friend, the Cabinet of all my Frailties;
From you, as from Just Heav'n, hope for Absolution;
Yet pray, tho' Anger makes me Red, when I
Discourse the Reason of my Rage, be kind,
And say it is my Sex's Modesty.

Know then,

This base imperious Man I Lov'd, Lov'd so,
Till Linging with the pain of Fierce desire,
And shame that strove to Torture me alike,
At last I past the Limits of our Sex,
And (O kind *Cecil* pity and forgive me)
Sent this opprobrious Man my Mind a Slave;
In a kind Letter Broke the silence of
My Love, which rather shou'd have broke my Heart.

Burl. But pray, what Answer did you get from him?

Not. Such as has made an Earthquake in my Soul,
Shook ev'ry Vital in these tender Limbs,
And rais'd me to the Storm you found me in.
At first he Charm'd me with a thousand Hopes,
Else 'twas my Love thought all his Actions so —
Just now from *Ireland* I receiv'd this Letter,
Which take and Read; but now I think you shall not —
I'll tear it in a thousand pieces first,
Tear it, as I wou'd *Effex* with my Will,
To Bits, to Morfels, Hack the mangl'd Slave,
Till ev'ry Attome of his Curfed Body [Tears the Letter in a Rage.
Sver'd, and Flew like Dust before the Wind.
Now do I blefs the Chance, all else may blame
Me for Revealing of my Foolish Passion —
Did I e'er think these Celebrated Charms
Which I so often have been Blest, and Prais'd for,
Shou'd once be destin'd to so mean a Price,
As a Refusal! — Are there Friends above
That Protect Innocence, and injur'd Love?
Hear me, and Curse me streight with Wrinkl'd Age,
With Leprosie, Derision, all your Plagues
On Earth, and Hell hereafter, if I'm not Reveng'd.

Burl. Else say she is no Woman, or no Widow —
The Sacred Guardians of your slighted Beauties,
Have had more Pity on their Lovely Charge,
Than to behold you swallow'd in his Ruin.
The best, and worst that Fortune cou'd propose,
To you in *Effex* Love, was to have brought
A helpless, short-liv'd Traitor to your Arms.

[Aside.

The Unhappy Favourite:

Not. Ha! Traytor, say you! Speak that Word again —
 Yet do not, 'tis enough if *Burleigh* says it:
 His Wit has Power to Damn the Man that thinks it,
 And t'extract Treason from infected Thought.
 The Nation's safety like a Ship he Steers,
 When Tempests Blow, rais'd by designs of false,
 And Ignorant States-men: By his Wit alone
 They're all Dispers'd, and by his Breath she Sails,
 His Prosperous Counsel's all her gentle Gales.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord, the Queen expects you streight.

Burl. Madam,

Be pleas'd to Attend her Majesty i'th' Presence,
 Where you shall hear such Misdemeanours offer'd
 Such Articles against the Earl of *Essex*,
 As will both glad the Nation, and your self.

Gent. My Lord I see the haughty Earl of *Southampton*
 Coming this way.

Burl. Madam, retire.

Not. I go

With greater expectation of delight,
 Than a young Bridegroom on his Marriage Night.

[*Exit Countess
of Notting.*]

Burl. *Southampton*, he's the chief of *Essex* Faction,
 His Friend, and Sworn Brother; and I fear
 Too much a Friend, and Partner of his Revels,
 To be a Stranger to the other's Guilt ———
 'Tis not yet time to lop this haughty Bough,
 Till I have shaken first the Tree that bears it.

Enter Southampton.

South. My Lord, I hear unwelcome News; 'tis said
 Some Faction Members of the House, Headed
 By you, have Voted an Address for leave
 T'impeach the Earl of *Essex* of strange Articles
 Of Treason.

Burl. Treason, 'tis most true is laid
 To *Essex* Charge; but that I am the Cause
 They do me wrong, th'Occasion is too publick;
 For those dread Storms in *Ireland* rais'd by him,
 Have blown so rudely on our *English* Coasts,
 That they have Shipwrack'd quite the Nation's Peace,
 And wak'd it's very Statues to abhorring.

South. Meer Argument, your nice, and fine distinctions,

To make a good Man Vicious, or a bad
 Man Vertuous, ev'n as please the Sophisters——
 My Lord, you are ingendring Snakes within you,
 I fear you have a subtle stinging Heart ;
 And give me leave to tell you, that this Treason,
 If any, has been hatch'd in *Burleigh's* School.
 I see Ambition in the fair Pretence,
Burleigh in all its Cunning, dark Disguises,
 And envious *Cecil* ev'ry where.

Burl. My Lord, my Lord, your Zeal to this bad Earl
 Makes you offend the Queen, and all good men.
 Believe it, Sir, his Crimes have been so noted,
 So plain, and open to the State, and her,
 That he can now no more deceive the Eyes
 Of a Most Gracious Mistress, or her Council ;
 Nor can she any longer, if she wou'd,
 In pity of his other Parts, let Justice wink,
 But rouze her self from Cheated slumbering *Mercy*,
 And start at his most foul Ingratitude.
 Nor do's it well become the brave *Southampton*
 To plead in his behalf ; for fear it pulls
 Upon himself, suspicion of his Crimes.

South. Hold in my Fire, and scorch not through my Ribs,
 Quench, if thou canst, the Burning furious pain——
 I cannot if I wou'd, but must unload
 Some of the Torture——Now by my wrong'd self,
 And *Essex* much more wrong'd, I swear 'tis false,
 False as the Rules by which Vile Statesmen Govern,
 False as their Arts, by which the Traytors Rise,
 By Cheating Nations, Destroying Kings,
 And false imposing on the Common Crew.
Essex ! By all the Hopes of my Immortal Soul,
 There's not one drop of Blood, of that brave Man,
 But holds more Honour, Truth and Loyalty,
 Than thy whole Mass besides, and all thy Brains
 Stufft with Cabals, and Projects for the Nation ;
 Than thou that seem'st a good *St. Christopher*
 Carrying thy Country's *Genius* on thy Back,
 But art indeed a Devil, and takest more Hire
 Than Half the Kingdom's Wealth can satisfie.
 I say again, that thou, and all thy Race,
 With *Essex* base Accusers, ev'ry one
 Put in a Scale together, weigh nothalf
 The merit that's in one poor Hair of his.

Burl. Thank you, my Lord——see I can bear the Scandal,
 And cannot chuse but smile, to see you Rage.

South. It is, because thy Guilty Soul's a Coward,

The Unhappy Favourite:

And has not Spirit enough to feign a Passion.

Burl. It is the Token of my Innocence. —

But let *Southampton* have a special Care
To keep his close Designs from *Cecil's* way,
Lest he disturb the *Genius* of the Nation,
As you were pleas'd to call me ; and beware
The Fate of *Essex*.

[*Exit Burleigh.*]

South. Ha! The Fate of *Essex*!

Thou lyest Proud Statesman, 'tis above thy reach ;
As high above thy malice as is Heaven
Beyond a *Cecil's* Hopes — Despair not *Essex* !
Nor his brave Friends, since a Just Queen's his Judge ;
She that saw once such Wonders in thy Person,
A scarce fledg'd Youth, as Loading thee with Honours,
At once made thee Earl-Marshal, Knight o'th' Garter,
Chief Counsellor, and Admiral at Sea —
She comes, she comes bright Goddess of the Day,
And *Essex's* Foes she drives like Mists away.

*Enter the Queen, Burleigh, Lord Chancellor, Countess of Nottingham,
Countess of Rutland, Lords and Attendants, Queen
on a Chair of State, Guards.*

Queen. My Lords, we hear not any thing confirms
The New Designs were dreaded of the *Spaniards* :
Our Letters lately from our Agent there
Say nothing of such Fears, nor do I think
They dare.

Burl. To dare, most High Illustrious Princes,
Is such a Virtue *Spaniard* never knew,
His Courage is as Cold as he is Hot,
And Faith is as Adulterate as his Blood.
What Truth can we expect from such a Race
Of Mungrels, Jews, Mahumetans, Goths, Moors,
And Indians, with a few of Old Castilians,
Shuff'd in Nature's Mould together ?
That *Spain* may truly now be call'd the Place
Where *Babel* first was Built. These Men
With all false Tenets chopt and masht together,
Suck'd from the Scum of ev'ry base Religion,
Which they have since Transform'd to *Romish* Mass,
Are now become the Mitre's darling Sons,
And *Spain* is call'd the *Pope's* most Catholick King.

Queen. Spoke like true *Cecil* still, Old Protestant —
But, Oh! it Joys me with the dear Remembrance
Of this Romantick huge Invasion.
From the *Pope's* Closet where 'twas first Begot,

Bulls,

Bulls, Absolutions, Pardons, frightful Banns,
Flew o'er the Continent, and Narrow Seas,
Some to Reward, and others to Torment,
Nay, worse, Inquisition was let loose
To teach the very Atheists Purgatory.
Then were a Thousand Holy hands employ'd,
As Cardinals, Bishops, Abbots, Monks, and Jesuites,
Not a poor Mendicant, or Begging Friar,
But thought he shou'd be Damn'd to leave the Work.

South. Whole Sholes of Benedictions were disperst ;
Nay, the good *Pope* himself so weary'd was
With giving Blessings to these Holy Warriours,
That Flew to him, from ev'ry Part as thick
As Hornets to their Nest, it gave his Arms
The Gout.

Burl. O Faithless, incotracious Hands!
They shou'd have both been burnt for Hereticks.

Queen. But when this huge, and mighty Fleet was ready,
Altars were strip'd of shining Ornaments:
Their Images, their Pictures, Palls, and Hangings,
By Nuns, and Persians wrought,
All went to help their great Armada forth ;
Relicks of all degrees of Saints
Were there distributed, and not a Ship
Was Blest without one ; ev'ry Sail amongst 'em
Boasted to carry, as a certain Pledge
Of Victory, some of the real Cross.

South. Long live that Day, and never be forgotten
The gallant Hour when to th' immortal Fame
Of *England*, and the more immortal *Drake*,
That Proud Armado was destroy'd ; yet was
The Fight not half so dreadful as th' Event
Was pleasant. When the first broad-sides were giv'n,
A tall brave Ship, the tallest of the Rest,
That seem'd the Pride of all their big *Hall-moon*,
Whether by Chance, or by a lucky Shot
From us, I know not, but she was Blown up,
Bursting like Thunder, and almost as high,
And then did shiver in a Thousand Pieces,
Whilst from her Belly Crouds of Living Creatures
Broke like untimely Births, and fill'd the Sky.
Then might be seen a *Spaniard* catch his Fellow,
And wrestling in the Air fall down together ;
A Priest for Satety rising on a Cross,
Another that had none, crossing himself ;
Friars with long big Sleeves like Magpies Wings
That bore them up, came Gently Sailing down :

One with a Don that held him by the Arms,
And cry'd, Confess me straight; but as he just
Had spoke the Words, they Tumbled down together.

Burl. Just Heav'n that never ceas'd to have a Care
Of your most Gracious Majesty and Kingdoms,
By Valiant Souldiers, and by Faithful Leaders,
Confounded in one day the vast Designs
Of *Italy*, and *Spain* against our Liberties;
So may *Tyrone*, and *Irish* Rebels fall,
And so may all your Captains henceforth prove
To be as Loyal, and as stout Commanders.

Queen. Is there no fresher News from *Ireland* yet?

Burl. None better than the last, that seems too ill
To be repeated in your Gracious hearing.

Queen. Why, What was that?

South. Now, now the subtil Fiend
Begins to Conjure up a Storm.

} *Aside.*

Burl. How soon your Gracious Majesty forgets
Crimes done by any of your Subjects!

Queen. What?

That *Essex* did defer his Journey to
The North, and therefore lost the Season quite;
Was not that all?

Burl. And that he met *Tyrone*

At his Request, and treated with him private.

A Ford dividing them, they both Rode in,
Wading their Horses Knee deep on each side;

But that the Distance from each other was

So great, and they were forc'd to parly loud,

Orders were given to keep the Soldiers off;

Nay not an Officer in all the Army

But was deny'd to hear what pass'd between them—

What follow'd then the Parly? was the Truce,

So shameful, (if I may be bold to call

It so,) both to your Majesty and *England*?

Queen. Enough, enough, good *Cecil*, you begin

To be inveterate; 'Twas his first fault;

And tho' that Crime's done to th' Nation's hurt

Admit of no Excuse or Mitigation

From th' Author's many Virtues or Misfortunes,

Yet you must all confess that he is brave,

Valiant as any, and 'as done as much

For you as e'er *Alcides* did for *Greece*.

Yet I'll not hide his Faults, but blame him too,

And therefore I have sent him Chiding Letters,

Forbidding him to leave the Kingdom, till

He has dispatch the War, and kill'd *Tyrone*.

Or, The Earl of Essex.

9

*Enter Sir Walter Raleigh, Attended by some
other Members of the House.*

Burl. Most Royal Madam, here's the gallant *Raleigh*,
With others in Commission from the House,
Who attended your Majesty with some few Bills
And humblest of Addresses, that you would
Be pleas'd to pass 'em for the Nation's safety.

Queen. Welcome my People, welcome to your Queen,
Who wishes still, no longer to be so
Than she can Govern well, and serve you all;
Welcome again, dear People; for I'm Proud
To call you so; and let it not be boasting
In me to say I love you with a greater Love
Than even Kings before shew'd down on Subjects,
And that I think ne'er did a People more
Deserve, than you. Be quick
And tell me your Demands; I long to hear:

For know, I count your wants are all my own.

Rawl. I Long live the bright Imperial Majesty
Of England, Virgin Star of Christendom,
Blessing, and Guide of all your Subjects, Lives,
Who with the Sun may sooner be extinguish'd
From the bright Orb he Rules in, than the Queen
Should e'er descend the Throne she now makes happy.
Your Parliament, most blest of Sovereigns,
Calling to mind the Providence of Heaven
In Guarding still your People under you,
And sparing your most Precious Life,
Do humbly offer to your Royal Pleasure
Three Bills to be made Living Acts hereafter,
All for the safety of your Crown and Life,
More precious than ten thousand of your Slaves.

Queen. Let Cecil take and read what they contain.

Burl. An Act for settling and establishing
A Strong Militia out of every County.

And likewise for levying a new Army
Consisting of fifteen thousand Foot, or least,
And Horse three thousand, quickly to be ready,
As a strong Guard for the Queen's Sacred Person,
And to prevent what clandestine Designs
The Spaniards, on the Sees may have.

Queen. Thanks to

My Dear, and loving People, I will pass it.

Burl. This Second Act is for the speedy raising
Two Hundred Thousand Pounds, to pay the Army

*[Cecil takes the Papers,
and reads the Contents.]*

And

The Unhappy Favourite:

And to be ordered as the Queen shall please;
This to be gathered by a Benevolence,
And Subsidy, in six Months time from hence.

Queen. What mean my giving Subjects! it shall pass.

Burl. The third has several Articles at large
With an Address subscrib'd, most humbly offer'd
For the Impeaching *Robert* Earl of *Essex*
Of several Misdemeanors of High-Treason.

Queen. Ha!

This unthought blast has shockt me like an Ague—
It has alarm'd every Sense, and spoil'd me
Of all the Awful Courage of a Queen;
But I'll recover——Say, my *Nottingham*,
And *Rutland*, did you ever hear the like!
But are you well assur'd I am awake?
Bless me and say it is a horrid Vision,
That I am not upon the Throne——
Ha! Is't not so?——Yes, Traytors, I'll obey you——

[She rises in a Rage.]

Here sit you in my place; take *Burleigh's* Staff,
The Chancellor's Seal and *Essex's* valiant Head,
And leave me none but such as are your selves,
Knaves for my Counsel, Fools for Magistrates,
And Cowards for Commanders——Oh my Heart!

South. O horrid imposition on a Throne!

Essex; that has so bravely serv'd the Nation!
That I may boldly say, *Drake* did not more,
That has so often beat his Foes on Land,
Stood like a Promontory in its defence,
And Sail'd with Dragons Wings to Guard the Seas;
Essex! That took as many Towns in *Spain*
As all this Island hold, begg'd their Fleet
That came with Loads of half their Mines in *India*,
And took a mighty Carrack of such Value,
That held more Gold in its Prodigious Deck
Than serv'd the Nation's Riot in a Year.

Queen. Ingrateful People! Take away my Life;
'Tis that you'd have: For I have Reign'd too long——
You too well know that I'm a Woman, else
You durst not use methus——had you but fear'd
Your Queen as you did once my Royal Father,
Or had I but the Spirit of that Monarch,
With one short Syllable I shou'd have ram'd
Your impudent Petitions down your Throats,
And made Four hundred of your Factions Crew
Tremble, and grovel on the Earth for fear.

Rawl.

Or, *The Earl of Essex.*

II.

Rowl. Thus prostrate at your Feet we beg for Pardon;
And humbly crave your Majesties Forgiveness. [*Petitioners kneel.*]

Queen. No more—Attend me in the House to morrow.

Burl. Most Mighty Queen! Blest and Ador'd by all,
Torment not so your Royal Breast with Passion:
Not all of us, our Lives, Estates and Country
Are worth the least disturbance of your Mind.

Queen. Are you become a Pleader for such Traytors!

Ha! I suspect that *Cecil* too is envious,
And *Essex* is too great for thee to grow—
A Shrub that never shall be look'd upon,
Whilst *Essex* that's a Cedar stands so high—
Tell me, why was not I acquainted with
This close Design: For I am sure thou know'st it.

Burl. Madam—

Queen. Be dumb; I will hear no Excuses—
I could turn Cynick, and outrage the Wind,
Fly from all Courts, from Business, and Mankind,
Leave all like *Chaos* in Confusion hurl'd:
For 'tis not Reason now that rules the World:
There's Order in all States but Man below,
And all things else do to Superiours bow;
Trees, Plants, and Fruits, rejoyce beneath the Sun,
Rivers, and Seas are guided by the Moon;
The Lyon rules through Shades and ev'ry Green,
And Fishes own the Dolphin for their Queen;
But Man, the verier Monster, worships still
No God but Lust, no Monarch but his Will.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus Secundus, Scena prima.

Countess of Essex.

C. Eff. **I**S this the joy of a new Marry'd Life?
This all the Taste of Pleasures that are Feign'd
To flow from sweet and Everlasting Springs?
By what false Opticks do we view those sights,
And by our ravenous Wishes seem to draw
Delights so far beyond a Mortals reach,
And bring 'em home to our deluded Breasts?
'Tis not yet long since that blest Day was past,
A Day I wish that shou'd for ever last;

C 2

The

The Night once gone, I did the Morning chide,
 Whose Beams betray'd me by my *Effex* side,
 And whilst my Dushes, and my Eyes they blest,
 I lov'd to hide e'en in his panting Breast,
 And my hot Cheeks clos'd to his Bosom laid,
 Lifting to what the Guest within laid,
 Were Fire to Fire the Noble heart did burn,
 Close like a Phoenix in her spicy Urn.
 I sigh'd, and wept for Joy; a shower of Tears,
 And felt a thousand sweet and pleasant fears,
 Too rare for Sense, too exquisite to lay,
 Pain we can count, but Pleasure flees away:
 But business now, and envious Glory's Charms,
 Have snatch'd him from these ever Faithful Arms:
 Ambition, that's the highest way to Woe;
 Cruel Ambition! Love's Eternal Foe.

Enter Southampton.

South. Thou dearest Partner of my dearest Friend,
 The brightest Planet of thy Shining Sex,
 Forgive me for the unwelcome News I bring, —
Effex is come the most despoil'd of Men!

C. Eff. Now by the Sacred Joys that fill my heart,
 What fatal meaning can there be in that?
 Is my Lord come? say, speak!

South. Too sure he's come —
 But oh that Seas, as wide as Waters flow,
 Or burning Lakes as broad and deep as Hell,
 Had rather parted you for ever;
 So *Effex* had been safe on th' other side.

C. Eff. My Lord, You much amaze me —
 Pray what of ill has happen'd since this Morning,
 That the Queen Guarded him with so much Interey,
 And then refus'd to hear his false impeachers?

South. Too soon, alas! he's forfeited his Honours,
 Places and Wealth, but more his precious Life;
 Condemn'd by the too cruel Nation's Laws
 For leaving his Commission, and returning,
 When the Queen's Absolute Commands forbid him!

C. Eff. Fond hopes! must then our missing prove so fatal?

South. Say, Madam, now what help wilt you please,
 Can the Queen's Pity any more protect him?
 Never, it is no longer in her Power;
 She must tho' gainst her will deliver him
 A Sacrifice to all his greedy Foes.

C. Eff. Where is my Lord?

South.

South: Blunt left him on the Way,
And came disguised in haste to give me notice.

C. Eff: Let things back, and give my *Eff:* warning;
Conjuring us from us to stir no further,
But straight return to *Island* ere 'tis known
He left the Place.

South: Alas! is is no secrecy,
Besides, he left the Town almost as soon
As *Blunt*, and is expected every moment.

C. Eff: How could it be revealed so suddenly?

South: I know not this, unless from *Island* it came,
Where *Cecil* too is Privy Counsellor,
And knows as much as any Deed there;
I see the Cunning Head and the high whiffling;
And the fair Treacherous *Nottingham*,
I saw be deck'd with an ill-natur'd smile
That show'd malicious Beauty to the height.

C. Eff: Hold, hold, my Lord, my tears begin to wrack me,
And Danger now in all its horrid Shapes,
Stalks in my way, and makes my Blood run cold,
Worse than a thousand Glaring Spirits could do
Alone; I fright thee *Damn* to my *Eff:*,
Help me thou more than Friend in Misery,
I'll to the Queen, and straight declare our Marriage;
She will have mercy on my helpless State,
Pity these Tears, and all my humble Postures;
If not for me, not for my *Eff:* sake;
Yet for the Illustrious Offspring that I bear;
I'll go, I'll run, I'll hazard all this Moment.

South: Led by vain Hopes, you fly to your Destruction;
There waits but that dread Secret to be known,
To tumble you for ever to Despair,
And leave you both condemn'd without the Hope
Of the Queen's Pity, or Remorse hereafter.

C. Eff: Curs'd be the Stars that flatter'd at our Birth,
That shone so bright, with such unusual Lustre,
As char'd the whole World into belief
Our Lives alone were all the children's Care.

South: Be Comforted, rely on *Eff:*'s Fare,
And the Queen's Mercy;
Behold she comes, our evil Fare,
In discontented Characters wrote on
Her Brow.

The Unhappy Favourite:

*Enter the Queen, Burleigh, Countess of Nottingham,
Rawleigh, Attendant Guards.*

Queen. Is *Essex* then Arriv'd?

Burl. He is.

Queen. Then he has lost me all the flattering Hopes
I ever had to save him——Come, say you! *[Aside.]*

Who else came with him?

Burl. Some few Attendants.

Queen. Durst the most vile of Traytors serve me thus!

Double my strength about me, draw out Men,

And set a Guard before the Palace Gates,

And bid my valiant Friends the Citizens

Be ready straight——I shall be murder'd else,

And faithful *Cecil*, If thou lov'st thy Queen,

See all this done: For how can I be safe,

If *Essex* that I favour'd, seeks my Life.

Burl. Will't please your Majesty to see the Earl?

Queen. No.

Burl. Shall I publish straight your Royal Order,

That may forbid his coming to the Court,

Until your Majesty command him?

Queen. Neither——

How durst you seem to interpret what's my Pleasure?

No, I will see him if a' comes, and then

Leave me to act without your saucy Aid,

If I have any Royal Power.

C. Eff. Blest be the Queen, blest be the pitying God

That has Inspir'd her. *[Aside.]*

South. Most admir'd of Queen's

Thus low unto the ground I bend my Body,

And wish I cou'd sink lower through the Earth,

To suit a posture to my humble Heart.

I tremble to excuse my gallant Friend

In contradiction to your Heavenly Will;

Who like a God knows all, and 'tis enough

You think him innocent, and he is so;

But yet your Majesty's most Royal Soul,

That soars so high above the humble Malice

Of base and fardid Wretches under you,

Perhaps is Ignorant the valiant Earl

Has Foes, Foes that are only so, because

Your Majesty has Crown'd him with your Favours,

And lifted him so far above their sights,

That 'tis a pain to all their envious Eyes

To look so high above him; and of these

Or, The Earl of Essex.

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Some grow too near your Royal Person,
As the ill Angels did at first in Heaven;
And daily seek to hurt this brave Man's Virtue.

Queen. Help me thou infinite Ruler of all things,
That sees at once far as the Sun displays,
And searches every Soul of human kind,
Quick, and unfelt, as Light infuses Beams,
Unites, and makes all Contradictions centre,
And to the sence of Man, which is more strange,
Governs innumerable distant Parts
By one intire same Providence at once.
Teach me so farthy Holy Art of Rule,
As in a mortal reason may distinguish
Betwixt bold Subjects, and a Monarch's Right.

Burl. May't please your Majesty, the Earl is come;
And waits your Pleasure.

Queen. Let him be admitted——
Now, now support thy Royalty,
And hold thy Greatness firm; but oh how heavy
A Load is State where the Free Mind's disturb'd?
How happy a Maid is she that always Lives
Far from high Honour, in a low content,
Where neither Hills, nor dreadful Mountains grow;
But in a Vale where Springs and Pleasures flow;
Where Sheep lye round instead of Subjects Throgs;
The Trees for Musick, Birds instead of Songs;
Instead of *Essex* one Poor faithful Hind,
He as a Servant, She a Mistress kind,
Who with Garlands for her coming Crowns her Door;
And all with Rushes strews her little Floor:
Where at their mean Repast no Fears attend
Of a False Enemy, or a falser Friend;
No care of Scepters, nor Ambitious Frights
Disturb the quiet of their sleep at Nights——
He comes; this proud Invader of my Rest,
A' comes: But I intend so to receive him——

Enter the Earl of Essex with Attendants.

Essex kneels. The *Queen* turns to the Countess of Nottingham.

Essex. Long live the mightiest, most ador'd of Queens,
The brightest Power on Earth that Heav'n e'er form'd;
Aw'd and amaz'd the trembling *Essex* kneels,
Essex that stoz'd the dreadful voice of Cannons,
Hid in a darker Field of Smoak and Fire,
Than that where Cyclops blows the Forge, and sweats
Beneath the mighty Hill, whilst Bullets round me.

The Unhappy Favourite:

Flaw like the Bore of Heaven when shot with Thunder,
 And dost their Fury in my Shield and Garter;
 And good these Dangers unconcern'd, and dauntless;
 But you beneath Majestick brightest Form
 That ever Rul'd on Earth, I have caught my Soul,
 Surpriz'd its Vertues all with dread and wonder;
 My humble Eyes durst scarcely look up to you,
 Your dazzling Mien, and Sight to fill the place,
 And every Part Celestial Rays adorn.

Queen. Ha!

Essex. 'Tis said I have been guilty —
 I dare not rise, but crawl thus on the Earth,
 Till I have leave to kiss your Sacred Robe,
 And clear before the justest, best of Queens,
 My wrong'd and wounded Innocence.

Queen. What saidst thou Nottingham? what said the Earl? [Aside.]

Essex. What not a Word! a Look! not one blest Look!
 Turn, turn your cruel Brow, and kill me with
 A Frown; it is a quick and sure way
 To rid you of your Essex,

Than Banishment, Than Fetters, Swords, or Axes —
 What not that neither! Then I plainly see
 My Fate, the Malice of Enemies

Triumphant in their joyfull Faces; *Burleigh*
 With a glad Coward's Smile, that know's he's got
 Advantage o'er his valiant Foe, and *Burleigh's* proud
 To see his dreaded Essex kneel to long.

Essex. that stood in his great Mistress Favour
 Like a huge Oak, the loftiest of the Wood,
 Whilst they no higher could attain to be

Than humble Succours nourish'd by my Root,
 And like the Boy wind their flatter'ing Arms
 About my Waste, and liv'd but by my Smiles —

Queen. I must be gone: Forth I shall
 Here wrack my Conduct, and my Fame for ever —
 Thus the Charm'd Pilot rising to the Syrens,
 Lets his rich Vessel split upon a Rock,
 And loses both his Life and Wealth together.

Essex. Still as I should as I swore, destruction —
 Here, here my faithful and my valiant Friends,
 Dearest Companions of the Fate of Essex,
 Behold this boletrudded o'er with Scars,
 This marble breast, that has so often held
 Like a fierce Battlement against the Foes
 Of England's Queen, that made a hundred breaches;
 Here pierce it straight, and through this Wild of Wounds
 Be sure to reach my Heart, this loyal Heart,

[Aside.]

[Aside.]

[Aside.]

[Rises.]

That

Or, *The Earl of Essex.*

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That sits consulting 'midst a thousand Spirits
All at command, all faithful to my Queen.

Queen. If I had ever Courage, Haughtiness,
Or Spirit, help me but now, and I am happy!
He melts; it flows, and drowns my Heart with Pity, } *Aside.*
If I stay longer I shall tell him so ———
What is this Traytor in my sight!
All that have Loyalty, and love their Queen,
For sake this horrid Wretch, and follow me.

Exeunt Queen and her Attendants, manet Essex solus.

Essex. She's gone, and darted fury as she went ———
Cruellest of Queens!

Not heard! Not hear your Souldier speak one word!

Essex that once was all day listen'd to;

Essex, that like a Cherub held thy Throne,

Whilst thou didst dress me with thy wealthy Favours,

Cheer'd me with Smiles, and deck'd me round with Glories;

Nor was thy Crown scarce worship'd on thy head

Without me by thy Side; but now art deaf

As Adders, Winds, or the remorseless Seas,

Deaf as thy cunning Sex's Ears to those

That make unwelcome Love ——— What News my Friend?

Enter Southampton.

South. Such as I dare not tell; but pardon me,

As an Ill Bird that perches on the side

Of some tall Ship foretels a storm at hand,

I come to give you warning of the danger ———

See Cecil with a Message from the Queen.

Ess. Then does my Wrack come rouling on apace;

That foul Leviathan ne'er yet appear'd

Without a horrid Tempest from his Nostrils.

Enter to them Burleigh and Rawleigh.

Burl. Hear Robert Earl of Essex,

Hear what the Queen, my Lord, by us pronounces;

She now divests you of your Offices,

Your Dignities of Governour of Ireland,

Earl Martial, Master of her Horse, General

Of all her Forces both by Land and Sea,

And Lord Lieutenant of the several Counties,

Of Essex, Hereford, and Westmorlands.

Ess. A vast and goodly sum all at one Cast

By an unlucky hand thrown quite away.

D

Burl.

The Unhappy Favourite:

Burl. Also her pleasure is, that in obedience
To her Commands, you send your Staff by us,
Then leave the Court, and stir no farther than
Your House, till order from the Queen and Council.

Ess. Thanks my Misfortunes, for you fall with weight
Upon me, and Fate shoots her Arrows thick;
'Tis hard if they find not one mortal Place
About me——

Burl. My Lord, what shall we tell her Majesty?
What is your Answer, for the Queen expects us?

Ess. Wilt thou then promise to be just, and tell her?
Give her a Caution of her worst of Foes,
Thy greedy self, the Land's infesting Giant,
Exacting Heads from her best Subjects daily;
Worse than the *Phrygian* Monster, he was more
Cheaply compounded with, and but devour'd
Sev'n Virgins in a Week, and spar'd the rest.

South. Hold, my brave Friend, wast not the Noble Breath
Of *Essex* on so base and mean a Subject——
Thou Traytor to thy Sovereign and her Kingdoms,
More full of Guilt than e'er thou did'st devise
To lay on *Essex*, whom thou fear'st and hatest;
And thou, because thy fardid Soul, and Person
Ne'er fitted thee

For gallant Actions, thinkest the World so too:
For he that looks through a foul Glass that's stain'd,
Sees all things stain'd like the foul Perspective he uses.
'Tis Crime enough in any to be valiant,
To win a Battel or be Fortunate,
Whil'st thou stand'st by the Queen to intercept,
Or else determine Favours from her Hands;
'Tis not who is too blame, or who deserves,
Nor whom the Queen wou'd look on with a Grace,
But whom proud *Cecil* pleases to reward,
Or punish, and the Valiant never scape thee;
Curst be the brave that fall into such Hands;
For Cowards still are cruel and malicious.

Burl. This I dare tell, and that *Southampton* said it.

South. And put her too in Mind of thy vain Glories,
Such Impudence and Ostentation in thee,
And so much Horrid Pride and Costliness,
As wou'd undoe a Monarch to supply.

Ess. So thrives the lazy Gown, and such as Sleep
On Woollacks, and on Seats of Injur'd Justice,
Or learn to prate at Council-Tables; but
How miserable is Fortune to the Valiant!
Were but Commanders half so well rewarded.

For all their Winters Camps, and Summers Fights,
Then they might eat, and the poor Soldiers Widows,
And Children too might all be kept from starving.

Raw. My Lord, in speaking thus you tax the Queen
Of Weakness and Injustice both, and that
She favours none but worthless Persons.

Burl. Must we return this stubborn Answer to her?
You'll not obey her Majesty, nor here
Resign your Staff of Offices to us?

Ess. Tell her what e'er thy Malice can invent;
Yet if thou say'st I'll not obey the Queen,
I tell thee, Lord,

'Tis false, false as thy most inveterate Soul
That looks through the foul Prison of thy Body,
And curses all she sees at liberty——

I tell thee, creeping thing, the Queen's too good,
More merciful than to condemn a Slave,
Much less her *Essex* without hearing him——
I will appeal to her——

Burl. You'll not believe us,
Nor that it was by her Command we came.

Essex. I do not.

Burl. Fare you well, my Lords. [*Exeunt Burleigh and Rawleigh.*]

Ess. Go thou

My brave *Southampton*, follow to the Queen,
And quickly e're my cruel Foes are heard,
Tell her that thus her faithful *Essex* says,
This Star she decked me with; and all these Honours else,
In one blest hour, when scarce my tender years
Had reach'd the Age of Man, she heap'd upon me,
As if the Sun that sows the Seeds of Gems
And golden Mines had show'r'd upon my head,
And dress'd me like the Bridegroom of her Favour.
This thou beheldst, and Nations wonder'd at:
The World had not a Favourite so great,
So lov'd as I.

South. And I am witness too
How many gracious Smiles she blest 'em with,
And parted with a Look with every Favour,
Was doubly worth the Gift, whilst the whole Court
Was so well pleas'd, and shew'd their wondrous Joy
In shouting louder than the *Roman* Bands
When *Julius* and *Augustus* were made Consuls.

Ess. Thou canst remember too, for all she said was signal,
That at the happy time she did invest
Her *Essex* with this Robe of shining Glories,
She bad me prize 'em as I would my Life.

The Unhappy Favourite:

Defend 'em as I wou'd her Crown and Person :
Then a Rich Sword she put into my Hand,
And wish'd me *Cæsar's* Fortune; so she grac'd me.

South. So young *Alcides*, when he first wore Arms,
Did fly to kill the *Eremanthean* Boar,
And so *Achilles*, first by *Thetis* made
Immortal, hasted to the Siege of *Troy*.

Ess. Go thou *Southampton*; for thou art my Friend,
And such a Friend's an Angel in distress;
Now the false Globe that flatter'd me is gone;
Thou art to me more Wealth, more Recompence
Than all the World was then——Intreat the Queen
To bless me with a Moment's sight,
And I will lay her Reliques humbly down,
As Travelling Pilgrims do before the Shrines
Of Saints they went a thousand Leagues to visit,
And her bright Virgin Honours all untainted,
Her Sword not spoil'd with rust, but wet with Blood,
All Nations Blood that disobey'd my Queen;
This Staff that disciplin'd her Kingdoms once,
And Triumph'd o'er an hundred Victories;
And if she will be pleas'd to take it, say
My Life, the Life of once her darling *Esses*.

South. I fly, my Lord, and let your hopes repose
On the kind Zeal *Southampton* has to serve you. [Exit *Southampton*.]

Ess. Where art thou *Esses*! where are now thy Glories!
Thy Summers Garlands, and thy Winters Lawrels,
The Early Songs that ev'ry Morning wak'd thee;
Thy Halls, and Chambers throng'd with Multitudes,
More than the Temples of the *Persian* God,
To worship thy uprising, and when I appear'd,
The Blushing Empress of the East, *Aurora*,
Gladdened the World not half so much as I:
Yesterday's Sun saw his great Rival thus,
The spiteful Planet saw me thus ador'd;
And some tall-built Pyramid whose height
And Golden top confronts him in his sky,
He tumbles down with Lightning in his Rage;
So on a sudden has he snatch'd my Garlands,
And with a Cloud impal'd my Gaudy Head,
Struck me with Thunder, dash'd me from the Heavens,
And oh! 'tis Dooms-day now, and darkness all with me,
Here I'll lie down——Earth will receive her Son,
Take Pattern all by me, you that hunt Glory,
You that do Climb the Rounds of high Ambition;
Yet, when y'ave reach'd, and mounted to the top,
Here you must come by just Degrees at last,

If not fall headlong down at once like me——
Here I'll abide close to my loving Centre:
For here I'm sure that I can fall no further——

Enter the Countess of Rutland.

Ha! what makes thou here? Tell me, fairest Creature,
Why art thou so in love with Misery
To come to be infected with my Woe,
And disobey the angry Queen for me?

C. Eff. Bless me, my Angel, guard me from such Sounds;
Is this the Language of a welcome Husband!
Are these fit words for *Effex* Bride to hear!
Bride I may truly call my self, for Love
Had scarce bestow'd the Blessing of one Night,
But snatch'd thee from these Arms.

Eff. My Soul! My Love!
Come to my Breast thou purest Excellence,
And throw thy lovely Arms about my Neck,
More soft, more sweet, more loving than the Vine.

Oh! I'm o're come with Joy, and sink beneath [They embrace.
Thy Breast.

C. Eff. Take me along with thee, my Dear——

My *Effex*, wake my Love, I say:
I am grown jealous of each Bliss without thee;
There's not a Dream, an Extasie or Joy,
But I will double in thy ravish'd Senses.
Come let's prepare, and mingle Souls together,
Thou shalt lose nothing, but a Gainer be.
Mine is as full of Love as thine can be.

Eff. Where have I been! but yet I have thee still——
Come sit thee down upon this humble Floor,
It was the first kind Throne that Love e'er had.
Thus like the first bright Couple let's embrace,
And fanse all around is Paradise.
It must be so; for all is Paradise

Where thou remainest, thou lovelier far than *Eve*.
C. Eff. And thou more brave, and nobler Person far,
Than the first Man, whom Heaven's peculiar Care
Made for a Pattern for ingenious Nature,
Which ne'er till thee excell'd th' Original.

Eff. Thus when th' Almighty form'd the lovely Maid,
And sent her to the Bower where *Adam* lay,
The first of Men awak'd, and starting from
His mossy flow'ry Bed, whereon he slept,
Lifted his eyes, and saw the Virgin coming,
Saw the bright Maid that glitter'd like a star,
Stars he had seen, but ne'er saw one so fair.

Thus

The Unhappy Favourite:

Thus they did meet, and thus they did embrace,
 Thus in the infancy of pure desire,
 E're Lust, Displeasures, Jealousies, and Fears
 Debauch'd the World, and plagu'd the Breast of Man;
 Thus in the dawn of Golden Time, when Love,
 And only Love, taught Lovers what to do.

C. Eff. O thou most dear, most priz'd of all Mankind,
 I burn, I faint, I'm ravish'd with thy Love;
 The Fever is too hot,

It scorches, Flames like pure Æth'rial Fire,
 And 'tis not Fleth and Blood, but Spirits can bear it,
 And those the brightest of Angelick Forms.

Eff. That is thy self, thy only self, thou fairest;
 There's not in Heav'n so bright a Cherubim;
 No Angel there but for thy Love wou'd die;
 The Thrones are all less happy there than I.

C. Eff. O my best Lord! the Queen, the Queen, my Love!
 Ah! what have we committed to undo us!
 The Pow'rs are angry, and have sent the Queen,
 The jealous Queen of all our Innocent Joys,
 To drive us from our Paradise of Love;
 And oh, my Lord! she will not ere't be long
 Allow us this poor Plat, this Ground to mourn on.

Eff. Weep not my Soul, my Love, my infinite All——
 Ah! what cou'd I express if there were words
 To tell how much, how tenderly my thoughts
 Adore thee——Ah! these Tears are drops of Blood,
 Thy *Effex* Blood, my World, my Heav'n, my Bride——
 I, there's the Start of all my Joys beside,
 Blest that I am, that I can call thee Wife,
 That Loves so well, and is so well belov'd.

C. Eff. Ah! hold my Lord, what shall I say of you,
 That best deserves a Love so well you speak of?

Eff. Again thou weepest——By Heav'n there's not a Tear
 But weighs more than the Wealth of *England's* Crown,
 O thou bright Storer of all Virtues, were there
 But so much Goodness in thy Sex beside,
 It were enough to save all Womankind,
 And keep 'em from Damnation——Still thou weepest——
 Come let me kiss thy Eyes, and catch those Pearls,
 Hold thy Cheeks close to mine that none may fall,
 And spare me some of these Celestial drops.
 Thus as two Turtles driven by a Storm,
 Drooping and weary, shelter'd on a Bough,
 Begin to join their Malancholly voices,
 Then thus they bill, and thus renew their Joys,

With

Or, *The Earl of Essex.*

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With quiv'ring Wings, and Cooing Notes repeat
Their Loves, and thus like us bemoan each other.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the Queen expects you instantly.

C. Eff. Ah, what wou'd wish to be of human kind!
Man in his Life scarce finds a Moment's bliss,
But counts a thousand Pains for one short Pleasure,
And when that comes 'tis snatch'd away like ours.

Eff. Go my best hopes, obey the cruel Queen——
I had forgot; thy Love, thy Beauties charm'd me,
Dearer than *Albion* to the Sailor's fight
Whom many years bar'd from his Native Country;
Looking on thee, I gaz'd my Soul away,
And quite forgot the dangerous Wrecks below——
Farewell——Nay then thou'lt soften me to Fondness——
The Queen may change, and we may meet again.

C. Eff. Farewell.

Eff. So have I seen a tall rich Ship of *India*
Of mighty Bulk teeming with golden Oar;
With prosperous Gales come sailing nigh the shoar;
Her Train of Pendants born up by the Wind;
The gladsome Seas proud of the lovely Weight,
Now lift her up above the Sky in hight,
And then as soon th' officious Waves divide,
Hug the gay Thing and clasp her like a Bride,
Whilst Fishes play, and Dolphins gather round,
And *Trytons* with their Coral Trumpets found;
Till on a hidden Rock at last she's born,
Swift as our Fate, and thus in pieces torn.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Countess of Nottingham, Burleigh.

Not. **N**OW famous *Cecil*, England owes to thee
More than *Rome's* State did once to *Cicero* pay;
That crush'd the vast Designs of *Catiline*,
But what did he? Quell'd but a petty Consul,
And sav'd a Commonwealth; but thou'ast done more,
Pull'd down a haughtier far than *Catiline*,

The

The Unhappy Favourite:

Thy Nation sole Dictator for Twelve years,
And sav'd a Queen and Kingdoms by thy Wisdom.

Burl. But what the *Roman* Senate then allow'd,
Nay and proud *Cicero* himself to *Fulvia*;

Fulvia the lovely Saver of her Country,
Must all and more be now ascrib'd to you,

To the sole Wit of beauteous *Nottingham*;
But I will cease and let the Nation praise thee,

And fix thy Statue high, as was *Minerva's*,

The great *Paladium* that Protected *Ilium*——

I came t'attend the Queen, where is she gone?

Not. She went to her Closet, were She's now alone.

As she past by, I saw her Lovely Eyes

Clouded in sorrow, and before she spy'd me,

Sad Murmurs Eccho'd from her troubled Breast,

And straight some Tears follow'd the mournful Sound,

Which when she did perceive me, she'd have hid,

And with a piteous Sigh she strove to wipe

The drops away, but with her haste she left

Some sad remains upon her dewy Cheeks.

Burl. What should the reason be!

Not. At *Essex* Answer.

Burl. What said she then?

No doubt th' Affront had stung her!

But kind *Southampton*, faithful to his Friend

In all things, came, and with a cunning Tale,

Which she too willingly inclin'd to hear,

Turn'd her to mildness, and at his Request,

Promis'd to see the Earl, and hear him speak

To Vindicate his Crimes, which bold *Southampton*

Declar'd to be his Enemies Aspersions;

And now is *Essex* sent for to the Court.

Not. Then I am lost, and my designs unravell'd.

If once she sees him, all's undone again——

Burl. Behold the Closet opens——see the Queen——

'Tis Dangerous to interrupt her——let's Retire.

Not. Be you not seen; I'll wait within her Call.

Enter the Queen alone, as from her Closet.

Exit Burleigh.

Queen. Where am I now? Why wander I alone?

What drags my Body forth without a Mind,

In all things like a Statue, but in Mothons?

There's Something I would say, but know not what,

Nor yet to whom——O wretched State of Princes!

That never can enjoy nor wish to have,

What is but meanly in its self a Crime,

But

But 'tis a Plague, and reigns through all the World.
 Faults done by us are like licentious Laws,
 Ador'd by all the Rabble, and are easier,
 And sooner far obey'd, than what are honest;
 And Comets are less dreadful than our Failings —
 Where hast thou been?

I thought, dear *Nottingham*, I'd been alone.

Not. Pardon this bold Intrusion, but my Duty
 Urges me farther — On my Knees I first
 Beg Pardon that I am so bold to ask it,
 Then, that you wou'd disclose what 'tis afflicts you;
 Something hangs heavy on your Royal Mind,
 Or else I fear you are not well.

Queen. Rise, prithee —
 I am in Health, and thank thee for thy Love,
 Only a little troubl'd at my People.
 I have Reign'd long, and they're grown weary of me;
 New Crowns are like new Garlands, fresh and lovely;
 My Royal Sun declines toward its West,
 They're hot, and tyr'd beneath its Autumn Beams —
 Tell me, what says the World of *Essex* coming?

Not. Much they do blame him for't, but think him brave.

Queen. What, when the Traytor serv'd me thus!

Not. Indeed, it was not well.

Queen. Not well, and was that all?

Not. It was a very bold and hainous fault.

Queen. I, was it not? and such a Base Contempt
 As he deserves to die for; less than that
 Has cost a hundred nearer Favourites Heads,
 Since the first Saxon King that Reign'd in *England*
 And lately in my Royal Father's time,
 Was not brave *Buckingham* for less Condemn'd,
 And lost not *Wolsey* all his Church Revenues,
 Nay, and his Life too, but that he was a Coward,
 And durst not live to feel the stroke of Justice?
 Thou know'st it too, and this most vile of Men,
 That brave *Northumberland*, and *Westmerland*,
 For lesser crimes than his were both beheaded.

Not. Most true — Can *Essex* then be thought so guilty,
 And not deserve to die?

Queen. To die! to Wrack,
 And as his Treasons are the worst of all Mens,
 So I will have him plagu'd above the rest,
 His Limbs cut off, and plac'd to th' highest View,
 Not on low Bridges, Gates, and Walls of Towns,
 But on vast Pinnacles that touch the Sky
 Where all that pass may in derision say,

The Unhappy Favourite:

Lo, there is *Essex*, proud ingrateful *Essex*!

Essex that brav'd the Justice of his Queen —

Is not that well? Why dost not speak?

And help the Queen to rail against this Man.

Not. Since you will give me leave, I will be plain,

And tell your Majesty what all the World

Says of that proud ingrateful Man;

Queen. Do so. Prethee what says the World of him and me?

Not. Of you they Speak no worse than of dead Saints,

And worship you no less than as their God,

Than Peace, than Wealth, or their Eternal hopes;

Yet do they often wish with kindest Tears,

Sprung from the purest Love, that you'd be pleas'd

To heal their Grievances on *Essex* Charg'd,

And not protect the Traytor by your Power,

But give him up to Justice and to Shame

For a Revenge of all your Wrongs, and theirs.

Queen. What, would they then prescribe me Rules to Govern?

Not. No more but with Submission as to Heaven;

But upon *Essex* they unload Reproaches,

And give him this bad Character,

They say he is a Person (bating his Treasons)

That in his Noblest, best Array of Parts,

He scarcely has enough to make him pass

For a brave Man, nor yet a Hypocrite,

And that he wears his Greatness and his Honours

Foolish and Proud as Lacquies wear gay Liveries:

Valiant they will admit he is, but then

Like Beasts precipitately Rash and Brutish,

Which is no more commendable in him

Than in a Bear, a Leopard, or a Wolf.

He never yet had Courage over Fortune,

And which to shew his natural Pride the more,

He roars and staggers under small Affronts,

And can no more endure the pain than Hell;

Then he's as Covetous, and more Ambitious

Than that first Fiend that sow'd the Vice in Heav'n,

And therefore was Dethron'd and Tumbld thence;

And so they wish that *Essex* too may fall.

Queen. Enough, th'ast rail'd thy self quite out of Breath;

I'll hear no more — Blisters upon her Tongue.

[*Aside.*

'Tis baseness tho' in thee but to repeat,

What the rude World maliciously has said;

Nor dare the vilest of the Rabble think,

Much less prophanelly speak such horrid Treasons —

Yet 'tis not what they say, but what you'd have 'em.

Not. Did not your Majesty Command me speak?

Queen.

Queen. I did, but then I saw thee on a sudden,
Settle thy Senses all in eager Postures,
Thy Lips, thy Speech, and Hands were all prepar'd,
A joyful Red painted thy envious Cheeks,
Malicious Flames flasht in a moment from
Thy Eyes like Lightning from thy o'er-charg'd Soul,
And fir'd thy Breast, which like a hard ramm'd Piece,
Discharg'd unmannerly upon my Face.

Nor. Pardon, bright Queen, most Royal and belov'd,
The manner of expressing of my Duty;
But you your self began and taught me first.

Queen. I am his Queen, and therefore may have leave:
May not my self have Privilege to mould
The thing I made, and use it as I please?
Besides he has committed Monstrous Crimes
Against my Person, and has urg'd me far
Beyond the Power of Mortal suffering.
Me he has wrong'd, but thee he never wrong'd.
What has poor *Essex* done to thee? Thou hast
No Crown that he cou'd hope to gain,
No Laws to break, no Subjects to molest,
Nor Throne that he cou'd be Ambitious of—
What Pleasure cou'dst thou take to see
A drowning Man knock'd on the head, and yet
Not wish to save the miserable Wretch!

Nor. I was to blame.

Queen. No more—
Thou seest the Queen, the World, and Destiny
It self against this one bad Man, and him
Thou Canst not pity nor excuse.

Nor. Madam—

Queen. Be gone, I do forgive thee; and bid *Rutland* [Exit Nottingham.
Come to me straight—ha! what have I disclos'd?
Why have I chid my Woman for a Fault
Which I wrung from her, and commited first?
Why stands my jealous and tormented Soul
A Spy to listen and divulge the Treasons
Spoke again *Essex*?—O you mighty Powers!
Protectors of the Fame of *England's* Queen,
Let me not know it for a thousand Worlds,
'Tis dangerous—But yet it will discover;
And I feel something whispering to my Reason,
That says it is—O blotted be the Name
For ever from my Thoughts. If it be so,
And I am stung with thy Almighty Dart,
I'll die, but I will tear thee from my Heart,
Shake off this hideous Vapour from my Soul,

This haughty Earl, the Prince of my Controul;
Banish this Traytor to his Queen's repose,
And blast him with the Malice of his Foes:
Were there no other way his Guilt to prove,
'Tis Treason to infect the Throne with Love.

Enter Countess of Essex.

How now my *Rutland*? I did send for you——

I have observ'd you have been sad of late.

Why wearest thou black so long? and why that Cloud,

That mourning Cloud about thy lovely Eyes?

Come, I will find a noble Husband for thee.

C. Eff. Ah! mighty Princess, most ador'd of Queens!

Your Royal Goodness ought to blush, when it

Descends to care for such a Wretch as I am.

Queen. Why say'st thou so? I love thee well, indeed

I do, and thou shalt find by this 'tis truth——

Injurious *Nottingham*, and I had some

Dispute, and 'twas about my Lord of *Essex*——

C. Eff. Ha!

[Aside.]

Queen. So much that she displeas'd me strangely,

And I did send her from my sight in anger.

C. Eff. O that dear name o' th' sudden how it starts me!

Makes every Vein within me leave it's Channel,

To run, and to protect my feeble Heart;

And now my Blood as soon retreats again

To croud with blushes full my guilty Cheeks——

Alas I fear.

Queen. Thou blushest at my Story!

C. Eff. Not I, my Gracious Mistress, but my Eyes

And Cheeks, fir'd and amaz'd with joy, turn'd red

At such a Grace that you were pleas'd to shew me.

Queen. I'll tell thee then, and ask thee thy advice:

There is no doubt, dear *Rutland*, but thou hear'st

The daily Clamours that my People vent

Against the most unhappy Earl of *Essex*,

The Treasons that they would impeach him of,

And which is worse, this day he is arriv'd

Against my strict Commands, and left Affairs

In *Ireland* desprate, headless, and undone.

C. Eff. Might I presume to tell my humble mind,

Such Clamours very often are design'd

More by the Peoples Hate than any Crimes.

In those they would accuse.

Queen. Thou speak'st my sense;

But oh! dear *Rutland*, he has been to blame

Lend me thy Breast to lean upon—— O 'tis

A heavy Yoke they would impose on me

Their

Their Queen, and I am weary of the Load,
And want a Friend like thee to lull my Sorrows.

C. Eff. Behold these tears sprung from fierce Pain and Joy,
To see your wond'rous Grief, your wondrous Pity.
O that kind Heav'n wou'd but instruct my thoughts,
And teach my Tongue such softning, healing Words,
That it might Charm your Soul, and Cure your Breast
For ever.

Queen. Thou art my better Angel then,
And sent to give me everlasting quiet——
Say, Is't not pity that to brave a Man,
And one that once was reckon'd as a God,
That he should be the Author of such Treasons?
That he, that was like *Cæsar*, and so great,
Has had the Power to make and unmake Kings,
Shou'd stoop to gain a petty Throne from me?

C. Eff. I can't believe 'tis in his Soul to think,
Much less to act a Treason against you,
Your Majesty, whom I have heard him so
Commend, that Angels words did never flow
With so much Eloquence, so rare, so sweet,
That nothing but the Subject cou'd deserve.

Queen. Hast thou then heard him talk of me?

C. Eff. I have,
And as of so much Excellence, as if
He meant to make a rare Encomium on
The World, the Stars, or what is brighter, Heav'n.
She is, said he, the Goddess of her Sex,
So far beyond all Woman-kind beside,
That what in them is most ador'd, and lov'd,
Their Beauties, Parts, and other Ornaments,
Are but in her the Foils to greater Lustre,
And all Perfections else, how rare soever,
Are in her Person but as lesser Gleams,
And infinite Beams that usher still the Sun,
But scarce are visible amidst her other brightness.
And then she is so good, it might be said,
That whilst she lives, a Goddess reigns in England.
For all her Laws are register'd in Heaven,
And copy'd thence by her——But then he cry'd,
With a deep sigh fetch'd from his loyal Heart,
Well may the World bewail that time at last,
When so much Goodness shall on Earth be mortal,
And wretched England break its stubborn Heart.

Queen. Did he say all this?

C. Eff. All this! nay more,
A thousand times as much, I never saw him

The Unhappy Favourite:

But his discourse was still in praise of you ;
Nothing but Raptures fell from *Essex* Tongue :
And all was still the same, and all was you.

Queen. Such words spoke Loyalty enough.

C. Eff. Then does

Your Majesty believe that he can be
A Traytor ?

Queen. No, yet he has broke the Laws,
And I for shame no longer can protect him ;
Nay, durst not see him.

C. Eff. What, not see him, say you !
By that bright Star of Mercy in your Soul,
And listening through your Eyes, let me intreat :
'Tis good, 'tis God-like, and like *England's* Queen ;
Like only her to pity the distress'd —
Will you not grant that he shall see you once ?

Queen. What he

That did defie my absolute Commands,
And brings himself audaciously before me !

C. Eff. Impute it not to that, but to his danger,
That hearing what proceedings here had past
Against his Credit and his Life, he comes
Loyal, tho' unadvised, to clear himself.

Queen. Well, I will see him then, and see him straight —
Indeed my *Rutland*, I would fain believe
That he is honest still, as he is brave.

C. Eff. O nourish that most kind Belief, 'tis sprung
From Justice in your Royal Soul — Honest !

By your bright Majesty, he's faithful still,
The pure and Virgin Light is less untainted ;
The glorious Body of the Sun breeds Gnats,
And Insects that molest its curious Beams ;
The Moon has Spots upon her Chrystal Face,
But in his Soul are none — And for his Valour,
The Christian World records its wondrous Story.

Bafeness can never mingle with such Courage.
Remember what a Scourge he was to Rebels,
And made your Majesty ador'd in *Spain*

More than their King, that brib'd you with his *Indies* ;
And made himself so dreadful to their Fears,
His very Name put Armies to the Rout ;

It was enough to say here's *Essex* come ;
And Nurses still'd their Children with the Fright.

Queen. Ha ! she's concern'd, Transported !
I'll try her further — Then he has a Person !

C. Eff. I, in his Person, there you sum up all.
Ah ! Loveliest Queen, did you e'er see the like ?

The

Or, *The Earl of Essex.*

31

The Limbs of *Mars*, and awful Front of *Jove*,
With such a Harmony of Parts as put
To blush the Beauties of his Daughter *Venus*,
A Pattern for the God's to make a perfect Man by,
And *Michael Angelo* to frame a Statue
To be ador'd through all the wond'ring World.

Queen. I can endure no more——Hold *Rutland*,
Thy Eyes are moist, thy Senses in a hurry,
Thy words come crowding one upon another.
Is it a real Passion, or extorted?
Is it for *Essex* sake, or for thy *Queen's*
That makes this furious Transport in thy mind?
She loves him——Ah, 'tis so——What have I done?
Conjur'd another Storm to Rack my Rest?
Thus is my Mind with quiet never blest,
But like a loaded Bark finds no repose,
When 'tis beclam'd, nor when the Weather blows.

Enter Burleigh, Countess of Nottingham, Rawleigh, Lords, Attendants, and Guards.

Bur. May't please your Majesty the Earl of *Essex*
Return'd by your Command, intreats to kneel,
Before you.

Queen. Now hold out my Treacherous Heart,
Guard well the Breach that this proud Man has made——
Rutland, we must defer this Subject till
Some other time——Come hither *Nottingham*.

Aside.

Enter the Earls of Essex and Southampton Attended.

Ess. Behold your *Essex* kneels to clear himself
Before his *Queen*, and now receive his Doom.

Queen. I must divert my Fears——I see he takes the way
To bend the sturdy temper of my Heart——
Well, my Lord, I see you can
Withstand my Anger, as you lately boasted
You did your Enemies——Were they such Foes
As bravely did resist, or else the same
You Parly'd with? It was a mighty Courage.

Ess. Well, well, you cruel Fates! well have you found!
The way to shock the Basis of a Temper,
That all your Malice else cou'd ne'er invent,
And you my *Queen* to break your Souldier's Heart.
Thunder and Earthquakes, Prodiges on Land
I've born, Devouring Tempests on the Seas,
And all the horrid stroaks beside

That

That Nature e'er invented; yet to me
Your scorn is more——Here take this Traytor,
Since you will have me so; throw me to Dungeons,
Lash me with Iron Rods fast bound in Chains,
And like a Fiend in Darkness let me roar,
It is the nobler Justice of the Two.

Queen. I see you want no cunning skill to talk,
And daub with words a Guilt you wou'd evade——
But yet, my Lord, if you wou'd have us think
Your Vertues wrong'd, wash off the stain you carry,
And clear your self of Parlying with the Rebels——
Grant Heav'n he does but that, and I am happy.

[*Aside.*]

Eff. My Parlying with the Enemy?

Queen. Yes, your secret treating with *Tyrone*, I mean,
And making Articles with *England's* Rebels.

Eff. Is that all'dg'd against me for a Fault,
Put in your Royal Breast by some that are
My false Accusers for a Crime? Just Heav'n!
How easie it is to make a Great Man fall,
'Tis Wise, 'tis Turkish Policy in Courts.
For Treating!

Am I not yet your General, and was
I not so there-by virtue of this Staff?
I thought your Majesty had giv'n me Power,
And my Commission had been absolute,
To Treat, to Fight, give Pardons, or Disband:
So much and vast was my Authority,
That you were pleas'd to say as Mirth to others,
I was the first of *English* Kings that Reign'd
In *Ireland*.

Queen. O how soon wou'd I believe,
How willingly approve of such Excuses,
His Answers which to all the Croud are weak——
That large Commission had in it no Power,
That gave you leave to treat with Rebels,
Such as *Tyrone*, and wanted not Authority
To Fight 'em on the least Advantage.

} [*Aside.*]

Eff. The Reason why
I led not forth the Army to the North,
And fought not with *Tyrone*, was, that my Men
Were half consum'd with Fluxes and Diseases,
And those that liv'd, so weaken'd and unfit,
That they cou'd scarce defend them from the Vultures
That took them for the Carrion of an Army.

Queen. Oh I can hold no longer, he'll not hide his Guilt.
I fear he will undo himself and me——
Name that no more for shame of Thee the Cause,

} [*Aside.*]

Nor

Nor hide thy Guilt by broaching of a worse ;
Fain I wou'd tell, but whisper it in thy Ear,
That none besides may hear, nay not my self :
How Vitious thou hast been——Say was not *Essex*
The Plague that first infected my poor Soldiers,
And kill'd 'em with Diseases? Was't not he
That loiter'd all the year without one Action,
Whilst all the Rebels in the North grew bold,
And rally'd daily to the Queen's dishonour ;
Mean while thou stood'st and saw thy Army rot
In Fenny and unwholsome Camps——Thou hast
No doubt a Just Excuse for coming too,
In spite of all the Letters that I sent
With my Commands to hinder thee——Be silent——
If thou makest more such Impudent Excuses,
Thou'lt raise an Anger will be fatal to thee.

Eff. Not speak ! Must I be tortur'd on the Rack,
And not be suffer'd to discharge a Groan ?
Speak ! Yes I will, were there a thousand Deaths
Stood ready to devour me ; 'tis too plain
My Life's conspir'd, my Glories all betray'd :
That Vulture *Cecil* there with hungry Nostrils
Waits for my Blood, and *Rauleigh* for my Charge,
Like Birds of Prey that seek out Fighting Fields,
And know when Battel's near : Nay, and my Queen
Has past her Vote, I fear, to my Destruction.

Queen. Oh ! me undone ! How he destroys my Pity !
Cou'd I bear this from any other Man ?
He pulls and tears the Fury from my Heart
With greater grief and pain, than a fork'd Arrow
Is drawn from forth the Bosom where 'twas lodg'd,
Mild words are all in vain, and lost upon him——
Proud and Ingrateful Wretch, how durst thou say it !
Know Monster that thou hast no Friend but me,
And I have no pretence for it but one,
And that's in Contradiction to the World,
That curses and abhors thee for thy Crimes.
Stir me no more with Anger for thy Life,
Take heed how thou dost shake my wrongs too much,
Lest they fall thick and heavy on thy Head.
Yet thou shalt see what a rash Fool thou art——
Know then that I forgive thee from this Moment
All that is past, and this unequal'd Boldness,
Give thee that Life thou saidst I did conspire against——
But for your Offices——

Eff. I throw 'em at your feet. [*Lays his General's Staff down.*]
Now banish him that planted Strength about you,

Cover'd this Island with my spreading Lawrels,
 Whilst your safe Subjects slept beneath their shade.
 Give 'em to Courtiers, Sycophants and Cowards,
 That sell the Land for Pence and Childrens Portions,
 Whilst I retreat to *Africk* in some Desert,
 Sleep in a Den, and Herd with valiant Brutes,
 And serve the King of Beasts, there's more Reward,
 More Justice there than in all Christian Courts :
 The Lion spar'd the Man that free'd him from
 The Toil; but *Englands* Queen abhors her *Effex*.

South. My Lord ———

C. Eff. Ah, what will be th' Event of this !

[*Aside.*

Queen. Audacious Traytor.

Eff. Ha !

South. My Lord, My Lord ; recall your Temper.

Eff. You said that I was bold, but now who blames
 My Rage ? Had I been ruff as Storms and Tempests,
 Rash as *Cethagus*, mad as *Ajax* was,
 Yet this has ram'd more Powder in my Breast,
 And blown a Magazeen of Fury up ———
 A Traytor ! Yes, for serving you so well ;
 For making *England* like the *Roman* Empire
 In Great *Augustus's* time, renown'd in Peace
 At home, and War abroad ; Enriching you
 With Spoils both of the wealthy Sea and Land,
 More than your *Thames* does bring you in an Age,
 And setting up your Fame to such a height
 That it appears the Column of the World ;
 For tumbling down the Proud Rebellious Earls,
Northumberland and *Westmerland*, which caus'd
 The cutting both their Heads off with an Ax
 That sav'd the Crown on yours ——— This *Effex* did,
 And I'll remove the Traytor from your sight.

Queen. Stay Sir ; take your reward along with you ——— [*Offers to go*]
the Queen comes up to him, and gives
him a box on the Ear.

Eff. Ha ! Furies, Death and Hell ! a Blow !
 Has *Effex* had a blow ! ——— Hold, stop my Arm
 Some God ——— Who is't has giv'n it me ? the Queen !

[*Lays hand on*
his Sword.

South. What do you mean, my Lord ?

Queen. Unhand the Villain ———

Durst the vile Slave attempt to murder me ?

Eff. No, Y'are my Queen, that Charms me, but by all
 The subtilty, and Woman in your Sex
 I Swear, that had you been a Man you durst not,
 Nay, your bold Father *Harry* durst not this
 Have done ——— Why say I him ? not all the *Harry's*,

Nor

Nor *Alexander's* self were he alive,
Shou'd boast of such a Deed on *Essex* done
Without Revenge.

Queen. Rail on, despair, and curse thy foolish Breath,
I'll leave thee like thy Hopes at th' hour of Death,
Like the first Slayer wandering with a Mark,
Shunning the Light, and wishing for the Dark,
In Torments worse than Hell, when thou shalt see
Thou hast by this Curst Chance lost Heav'n and me.

[*Exeunt Queen, &c. Manent Essex and Southampton.*]

South. What have you done, my Lord? Your haughty Carriage
Has ruin'd both your self and all your Friends——
Follow the Queen, and humbly on your Knees
Implore Her Mercy, and confess your Fault.

Ess. Ha! And tell her that I'll take a Blow!
Thou wou'dst not wish thy Friend were such a Slave——
By Heav'n my Cheek has set on Fire my Soul,
And the Disgrace sticks closer to my Heart,
Than did the Son of old *Antipater's*,
Which cost the Life of his proud Master——Stand off,
Beware you lay not hands upon my Ruine,
I have a load would sink a Legion that
Shou'd offer but to save me.

South. My Lord let us retire,
And shun this barbarous Place.

Ess. I, there thou say'st it——
Abhor all Courts, if thou art brave and wise,
For then thou never shalt be sure to rise;
Think not by doing well a Fame to get,
But be a Villain, and thou shalt be Great.
Here Virtue stands by't self, or not at all,
Fools have Foundations, only brave Men fall,
But if ill Fate, and thy own Merits bring
Thee once to be a Favourite to a King,
It is a Curse that follows Loyalty,
Curst in thy Merits, more in thy Degree,
In all the sport of Chance its chiefest Aim,
Mankind's the *Hunt*, a Favourite is the Game.

[*Exit.*]

Finis Actus Tertii.

Actus Quartus. Scœna prima.

Courtess of Nottingham, Rawleigh.

C. Nott.

S I R, did you ever see so strange a Scene
 As *Essex* boldness? Nay, and which is more
 To be admī'd, the Queen's prodigious patience!
Raw. So strange, that naught but such a Miracle
 Had sav'd him from Death upon the Place.

C. Nott. She's of a nature wondrous in her Sex,

Not hasty to admire the Beauties, Wisdom,
 Valour, and Parts in others though extream,
 Because there's so much Excellence in her self,
 And thinks that all Mankind should be so too;
 But when once entertain'd, none cherishes,
 Exalts, or favours Virtue more than she,
 Slow to be mov'd, and in her Rage discreet—
 But then the Earl's like an ungovern'd Steed,
 That yet has all the Shapes and other Beauties
 That are commendable, or fought in one:
 His Soul with fullen beams shines in it self,
 More Jealous of Mens Eyes, than is the Sun
 That will not suffer to be look'd into;
 And there's a Mine of Sulphur in his Breast,
 Which when 'tis touch'd or heated, straight takes Fire,
 And tears, and blows up all his Virtues with it.

Raw. Ambitious minds feed daily upon Passion,
 And ne're can be at rest within themselves,
 Because they never meet with Slaves enough
 To tread upon, Mechannicks to adore 'em,
 And Lords and States-men to have Cringes from;
 Like some of those strange Seas thet I've been on,
 Whose tides are always Violent and Rough,
 Where Winds are seldom blowing to molest 'em.
 Sh' had done a Nobler Justice, if instead of
 That School-boys punishment a Blow,

Sh' had snatch'd a Holberd from her nearest Guard,
 And thrust it to his heart; for less than that
 Did the bold *Macedonian* Monarch Kill
Clytus his Friend, and braver Souldier far.

C. Nott. But worse had been th' Event of such a Deed,
 For if the afflicted King was hardly brought
 From *Clytus* Body, she'd have dy'd o're his.

But.

But how proceed the bold Rebellious Lords
In *Essex* House?

Raw. Still they increase in number.

The Queen has sent four of her Chiefest Lords,
And since I hear the Guards are gone. 'Tis said,
For his Excuse, that *Blunt* that Fiend of Hell,
And Brand of all his Master's wicked Councils,
Has spread abroad this most abhorr'd of Lyes,
That I and the Lord *Gray* should joyn to murder him.

C. Nott. Already then he's hunted to the Toil,
Where let him roar, and lash himself with Fury,
But never, never shall get out with struggling.
O it o'rejoy'd th' Affront within my Soul,
To see the Man by all the World ador'd,
That like a Comet shin'd above, and rul'd below;
To see him on a sudden from our Eyes
Drop like a Star, and Vanish in the Ground;
To see him how he bit the curst Torture
That durst no farther venture than his Lips,
When he pass'd by the Guards to hear no Noise;
No Room for Mighty *Essex* was proclaim'd;
No Caps, no Knees, nor Welcomes to salute him,
Then how he Chast, and started like a Deer
With the fierce Dart fast sticking in his side,
And finds his speedy death where e're he runs!

Raw. Behold the Queen and the whole Court appear.

*Enter the Queen, Burleigh, Countess of Nottingham, Lords,
Attendants and Guards.*

Queen. Are the Rebellious Earls then apprehended?

Burl. They are, thanks to the Almighty Powers,
And the Eternal Fortune of your Majesty.

Queen. And how did you proceed with my Command?
And how did the Rebels act?

Burl. Most Audaciously:
The Four Lords, chiefest of your Private Council,
Sent thither by your Majesties Commission,
Came to the Rebels House, but found the Gates
Guarded and shut against them; yet at last
Telling they brought a Message from the Queen,
They were admitted, all besides, but him
That bore the Seal before the Chancellor
Deny'd: Ent'ring, they saw the outward Court
Fill'd with a number of promiscuous Persons,
The chief of which bold Traytors in the midst
Stood the two Earls of *Essex* and *Southampton*,

Of whom your faithful Messengers with loud
 And loyal Voices did demand the Cause
 Of their unjust Assembly, telling them
 All real Grievances should be redress'd ;
 But straight their words were Choak'd by louder Cries,
 And by the Earl's Command with Insolence
 The People drove 'em to a strong Apartment
 Belonging to the House, setting a Guard
 Of Muskets at the Door, and threatening them
 That they should there be kept close Prisoners
 Till the next Morning that the Earl return'd
 From visiting his Friends the Citizens.

Queen. O horrid Insolence ! Attempt my Council !

My nearest Friends ! Well, *Essex*, well,
 I thank thee for the Cure of my Disease ;
 Thou goest the readiest way to give me ease—
 The City say't ! What did he in the City ?

Aside.

Burl. There, as I learn't from many that Confest,
 He was inform'd the Citizens would rise,
 Which to promote, he went disguis'd like one
 Whom evil Fortune had bereav'd of Sense,
 And almost seem'd as pitiful a Wretch

As *Harpagus*, that fled all o're dismember'd

To fond *Affayes*, to gain the Trust

Of all his *Median* Army to betray it.

His Head was bare, the heat and dust had made

His Manly Face compassionate to behold, which he

So well did use, that sometimes with a voice

That usher'd Tears both from himself and them,

And sometimes with a popular Rage he ran

With Fury through the Streets. To those that stood

Far off he bended and made taking Signs :

To those about him rais'd his Voice aloud,

And humbly did beseech 'em for a Guard,

Told 'em he was attempted to be murder'd

By some the Chief of th' Court, then counted all his Wounds,

Unstrip'd his Vest, and shew'd his naked Scars,

Telling them what great Wonders he had done,

And wou'd do more to serve 'em and their Children ;

Begging still louder to the stinking Rabble,

And sweated too so many eager drops, as if

He had been pleading for *Rome's* Consulship.

Queen. How came he taken ?

Burl. After he had us'd

Such subtle means to gain your Subjects Hearts,

(Your Citizens that ever were most faithful,

And too well grounded in their Loyalties

To be seduc'd from such a Queen ;) and finding
 That none began to Arm in his behalf ;
 Fear and Confusion of his horrid Guilt
 Posselt him, and despairing of success,
 Attempted straight to walk through *Ludgate* home ;
 But being resisted by some Companies
 Of the Train'd Bands that stood there in defence,
 He soon retreated to the nearest Stairs,
 And so came back by Water at the Time
 When your most Valiant Souldiers with their Leader
 Enter'd his house, and took *Southampton* and the rest.
 Th' affrighted Earl Defenceless both in mind
 And Body, without the Power to help himself ;
 And being full of Horror in his Thoughts,
 Was forc'd to run for shelter in the Room
 Of a small Summer-House upon the *Thames*,
 Which when the Souldiers came to search, and found him ;
 Who then had Eyes and did not melt for Pity !
 To see the High, the Gallant *Essex* there
 Trembling and Panting like the frighted Quarry
 Whom the fierce Hawk had in his eager Eye.

Queen. Ha ! by my Stars, I think the mournful Tale
 Has almost made thee weep — Can *Essex* miseries
 Then force Compassion from thy flinty Breast ?
 'A weeps, the Crocodile weeps o're his Prey !
 How wretched and how low then art thou falln,
 That ev'n thy Barbarous Hunters can neglect
 Their Rage, and turn their cruel sport to pity !
 What then must be my Lot ? how many sighs,
 How many Griefs, Repentances and Horrors
 Must I eternally endure for this ?
 Where is the Earl ?

Burl. Under sufficient Guard,
 In order to his sending to the Tower.

Queen. Ha, in the Tower ! How durst they send him there
 Without my Order ?

Burl. Th' Earls are yet without
 In the Lieutenant's Custody, who waits
 But to receive your Majesties Command
 To carry 'em thither.

Queen. What shall I do now ?
 Wake me thou watchful Genius of thy Queen,
 Rouse me, and Arm now against my Foe,
 Pity's my Enemy, and Love's my Foe.
 And both have equally conspir'd with *Essex*.
 Ha ! Shall I then refuse to punish him ?
 Condemn the Slave that disobey'd my Orders,

The Unhappy Favourite,

That brav'd me to my Face, and did attempt
To murder me, then went about to gain
My Subjects Hearts and seize my Crown.
Now by my thousand wrongs 'a dies, dies quickly,
And I cou'd stab his Heart, if I but thought
The Traytor in it to corrupt it———Away

Aside.

And send him to the Tower with speed———Yet hold.

C. Nott. The Queen's distracted how to save the Earl,——
Her Study put my Hatred on the Rack.

Aside.

Queen. Who is it thou wou'dst kill with so much haste?

Is it not Essex? Him thou didst create,
And Crown'd his Morning with full Rays of Honours?
Whilst he return'd 'em with whole Springs of Lawrels,
Fought for thy Fame a hundred times in Blood,

Aside.

And ventur'd twice as many Lives for thee;
And shall I then for one rash act of his
Of which I was the cruel Cause, Condemn him?

C. Nott. Her Rage ebbs out, and Pity flows apace.

Aside.

Queen. Do what you will, my Stars, do as you please

Just Heav'n, and censure England's Queen for it,
Yet Essex I must see, and then who e're thou art
That when I'm dead shall call this tender Fault,

This only action of my Life in Question,

Thou canst at worst but say that it was Love,

Love that does never cease to be obey'd,

Aside.

Love that has all my Power and strength betray'd,

Love that sways wholly like the Cause of things.

Kings may rule Subjects, but Love reigns o're Kings,

Sets bounds to Heav'n's high Wrath when 'tis severe,

And is the greatest Bliss and Virtue there———

Carry Southampton to the Tower Straight,

But Essex I will see before he goes———

Now help me Art, check ev'ry Pulse within me,

And let me feign a Courage tho' I've none———

Enter Essex with Guards.

Behold 'a comes with such a Pomp of misery?

Greatness in all he shews, and nothing makes

Him less, but turns to be Majestick in him.

All that are present for a while withdraw,

All leave the Prisoner here with me unguarded.

Aside.

[Exeunt. Manent Queen and Essex.]

Essex. Thus tho' I am Condemn'd and hated by you,

A Traytor by your Royal Will proclaim'd;

Thus do I bless my Queen, and all those Powers

That have inspir'd her with such tender mercy.

[Essex kneels.]

As once to hear her dying *Essex* speak,
And now receive his Sentence from your Lips;
Which let it be my Life or Death, they're both
Alike to me, from you my Royal Mistress:
And thus I will receive my Doom, and wish
My Knees might ever till my dying Minute
Cleave to the Earth, as now they do in token of
The choicest, humblest begging of the Blessing.

Queen. Pray rise, my Lord. You see that I dare venture
To leave my self without a Guard between us.

Eff. Fairest that e're was *England's* Queen, you need not

The time has been that *Essex* has been thought
A Guard, and, being near you, has been more
Than Crouds of Mercenary Slaves;
And is he not so now? O think me rather,
Think me a Traytor, if I can be so
Without a thought against your Precious Life,
But wrong me not with that: For by your self,
By your bright self that rules o're all my Wishes,
I swear I would not touch that Life, to be
As Great as you, the greatest Prince on Earth;
Lightning shoud' blast me first,
E're I wou'd touch the Person of my Queen,
Less gentle than the Breeze.

Queen. O y'are become a wondrous Penitent,
My Lord, the time has been you were not so:
Then you were haughty, and because you urg'd me,
Urg'd me beyond the suffering of a Saint,
To strike you, which a King wou'd have obey'd;
Then straight your Malice led you to the City,
Tempting my Loyal Subjects to Rebel,
Laying a Plot how to surprize the Court,
Then seize my Person with my chiefest Council,
To Murder them, and I to beg your Mercy;
This, this the wondrous Faithful *Essex* did,
Thou whom I rais'd from the vile Dust of man,
And plac'd thee as a Jewel in my Crown,
And bought thee dearly for my Favour, at the rate
Of all my Peoples Grievances and Curies.
Yet thou didst this, ingrateful Monster, this
And all, for which as surely thou shalt dye,
Dye like the foulest and the worst Ingrate;
But Fetters now have humbled you, I see.

Eff. O hear me speak, most injur'd Majesty,
Brightest of Queens, Goddess of Mercy too,
Oh think not that the Fear of Death or Prisons
Can e're disturb a Heart like mine, or make it

More Guilty, or more sensible of Guilt,
 All that y^e are pleas'd to say, I now confess,
 Confess my Misery, my Crime, my Shame;
 Yet neither Death nor Hell thou'd make me own it,
 But true Remorse and duty to your self,
 And Love——I dare stand Candidate with Heav'n,
 Who loves you most and purest.

Queen. How he awakes me,
 And all my faculties begin to listen,
 Steal to my Eyes, and tread soft paces to
 My Ears as loath to be discover'd; yet
 As loth to lose the Syrens Charming Song.
 Help me a little now my cautious Angel,
 I must confess I formerly believ'd so,
 And I acknowledg'd it by my Rewards.

Ess. You have, but oh what has my Rashness done to
 And what has not my Guilt Condemn'd me to!
 Seated I was in Heav'n, where once that Angel,
 That haughty Spirit Reign'd that tempted me,
 But now thrown down, like him, to worse than Hell.

Queen. I, think on that, and like that Fiend roar still
 In Torments, when thou may'st have been most happy——
 There I out-did my strength, and feel my Rage
 Recoil upon me, like a foolish Child
 Who firing of a Gun as much as he can lift,
 Is blasted with the fury of the blow.

Ess. Most blest of Queens! her Doom, her very Anger's kind,
 And I will suffer it as willingly
 As your loud wrongs instruct you to inflict.
 I know my Death is nigh, my Enemies
 Stand like a Guard of Furies ready by you
 To intercept each Sigh, kind Wish, or Pity,
 E're it can reach to Heav'n in my Defence,
 And dash it with a Cloud of Accusations.

Queen. Ha! I begin to dread the Danger nigh,
 Like an unskilful Swimmer that has waded
 Beyond his Depth, I am caught, and almost drown'd,
 In Pity——What! And no one near to help me?

Ess. My Father once too truly skill'd in Fate,
 In my first blooming Age to rip'ning Glory,
 Bid me beware my Six and Thirtieth year,
 That year said he will fatal to thee prove,
 Something like Death, or worse than Death will seize thee;
 Too well I find that cruel time's at hand,
 For what can e're more fatal to me prove
 Than my lost Fame, and losing of my Queen.

Queen.

Queen. 'Tis so, 'tis true, nor is it in my Power
To help him——Ha! Why is it not! What hinders?
Who dares, or thinks to contradict my Will!
Is it my Subjects or my Vertue stays me?
No, Virtue's patient and abhors Revenge,
Nay, sometimes weeps at Justice——'Tis not Love——
Ah call it any thing but that; 'tis Mercy,
Mercy that pities Foes when in distress,
Mercy the Heav'n's Delights——
My Lord I fear your hot-spur Violence
Has brought you to the very brink of Fate,
And 'tis not in my Power if I'd the will,
To save you from the Sentence of the Law,
The Lords that are to be your equal Judges,
The House has chose already, and to morrow,
So soon your Tryal is to be. The People
Cry loud for Justice; therefore I'll no more
Repeat my Wrongs, but think you are the man
That once was Loyal.

Eff. Once!——

Queen. Hold!——For that Reason I will not upbraid you,
To Triumph o're a miserable man
Is base in any, in a Queen far worse——
Speak now, my Lord, and think what's in my Power
That may not wound your Queen, and I will grant you——
So—I am sure in this I have not err'd.

Eff. Blest be my Queen, in Mercy rich as Heav'n——
Now, now my Chains are light——Come welcome Death,
Come all you Spirits of Immortality,
And waft my Soul unto his bright abode,
That gives my Queen this goodness: Let me then
Most humbly and devoutly ask two things
The First is, if I am Condemn'd,
That Execution may be done within
The Tower Walls, and so I may not suffer
Upon a publick Scaffold to the World.

Queen. I grant it——O, and wish I cou'd do more.

Eff. Eternal Blessings Crown your Royal Head,
The next, the extremest Bliss my Soul can crave
And carry with it to the other World,
As a firm Passport to the Powers Incens'd,
Say you have pardon'd me, and have forgot
The Rage, the Guilt, and Folly of your Essex!
Queen. Ha! What shall I do now?
Look to thy self, and Guard thy Character
Go cure your Fame, and make your self but what I wish you,
Then you shall find that I am still your Queen——

But that you may not see I'm Covetous
Of my Forgiveness, take it from my Heart;
I freely pardon now what e're y've done
Amis to me, and hope you will be quitted;
Nay, I not only hope it, but shall pray for it,
My Prayers to Heav'n shall be that you may clear
Your self.

Eff. O most Renown'd and God-like Mercy!
O let me go, your goodness is too bright —
For sinful Eyes like mine, or like the Fiend
Of Hell, when dash't from the Ætherial Light,
I shall shoot downwards with my weight of Curses,
Cleave and be chain'd for ever to the Center.

Queen. He is going, I, but whither? To his Tryal,
To be Condemn'd perhaps, and then to dye;
If so, what Mercy hast thou shew'd in that!
Pity and Pardon! Poor Amends for Life!
If those be well, a Crocodile is blameless
That weeps for Pity, yet devours his Prey,
And dare not I do more for *Effex*, I
That am a Woman, and in Woman-kind
Pity's their Nature, therefore I'm resoly'd
It shall be in's own Power to save his Life.
If I shall sin in this, Witness just Heav'n
'Tis mercy-like your selves that draws me to't.

And you'll forgive me, tho' the World may not.
My Lord, perhaps we ne're may meet again,
And you in Person may not have the Power
T'implore what I do freely grant you, therefore
That you may see you have not barely forc'd
An empty Pity from me, here's a Pledge,
I give it from my Finger with this promise.
That whensoever you return this Ring, *[Gives him a Ring.]*
To grant in lieu of it what e're you ask.

Eff. Thus I receive it with far greater Joy *[Receives it on his knees.]*
Than the poor Remnant of Mankind that saw
The Rain-bow Token in the Heav'ns, when straight
The Floods abated, and the Hills appear'd,
And a new smiling World the Waves brought forth.

Queen. No more, be gone, fly with thy safety hence,
Lest horrid, dread repentance seize my Soul,
And I recall this strange misdeed. — Here take *[Enter the rest with the Guards]*
Your Prisoner, there he is, to be condemn'd
Or quitted by the Law — Away with him! *[Exit Guard with the Earl.]*
Now Nottingham, thy Queen is now at rest,
And *Effex* Fate is now my least of Troubles.

Enter

Enter Countess of Essex running and weeping, then kneeling before the Queen
and holding her by the Robe.

C. Eff. Where is my Queen? Where is my Royal Mistress?
I throw my self for mercy here.

Queen. What mean'st thou?

C. Eff. Here I will kneel, here with my humble Body
Fast rooted to the Earth, as I am to sorrow,
No moisture but my Tears to nourish me,
Nor Air but sighs, till I shall grow at last
Like a poor shrivell'd Trunk blasted with Age
And Grief, and never think to rise again
Till I've obtain'd the Mercy I implore.

Queen. Thou dost amaze me.

C. Eff. Here let me grow the object of thing on Earth,
A despis'd Plant beneath the mighty Cedar;
Yet if you will not pity me, I swear
These Arms shall never cease, but grasping still
Your Royal Robe, shall hold you thus for ever.

Queen. Prythee be quick, and tell me what thou'dst have.

C. Eff. I dare not, yet I must. My Silence will
Be Death, my Punishment can be no more.
Prepare to hear, but learn to pity first,
For 'tis a Story that will start your Patience.
O save the Earl of Essex, save his Life,
My Lord whom you've condemn'd to Prisons straight;
And save my Life, who am no longer Rutland,
But Essex faithful Wife — he is my Husband.

Queen. Thy Husband!

C. Eff. Yes, too true it is I fear,
By th'awful darting Fury in your Eyes,
The threatening Prologue of our utter Ruines.
Marri'd we were in secret e're my Lord
Was sent by you 'tis fatal Government
In Ireland.

Queen. Then thou art wedded to thy Grave.

Dost think by this, in multiplying Treasons,
And boldly braving me with them before
My Face, to save thy wicked Husband's Life?
What will my restless Fate do with me now?
Why dost thou hold me so? take off thy hands. [Aside.]

C. Eff. Alas, I ask not mine; if that will please you
I'll glut you with my Torments; and what e're
Your Fury can invent; but 'tis for him,
My Lord, my Love, the Soul of my desires.
My Love's not like the common Rate of womens,

It is a *Phoenix*, there's not one such more;
How gladly would I burn like that rare Bird;
So that the Ashes of my heart could purchase
Poor *Essex* Life and Favour of my Princess.

Queen. Would I were loose 'mong Wilds, or any where;
In any Hell but this—Why say I Hell?
Can there be melting Lead, or Sulphur yet
To add more Pain to what my Breast indures?
Why dost thou hang on me, and tempt me still?

C. Eff. O throw me not away—Would you but please
To feel my throbbing Breast, you might perceive,
At ev'ry name, and very thought of *Essex*,
How my Blood starts, and Pulses beat for fear,
And shake and tear my Body like an Earth-quake;
And ah, which cannot choose but stir your Heart
The more to pity me, th' unhappy frighted Infant,
The tender Off-spring of our guilty joys,
Pleads for it's Father in the Womb,
As now its wretched Mother does.

Queen. Quickly bid her loose her hands, and take her from my sight.

C. Eff. O you will not—you'll hear me first, and grant me,
Grant me poor *Essex* Life—Shall *Essex* live?
Say, but you'll pardon him before I go?

Queen. Help me—Will no one ease me of this Burthen?

C. Eff. Oh I'm too weak for these inhumane Creatures;
My Strength's decay'd, my Joynts and Fingers numb'd,
And can no longer hold, but fall I must—
Thus like a miserable Wretch that thinks

H'as 'scap'd from drowning, holding on a Rock
With fear and Pain, and his own weight oppress;
And dash'd by ev'ry Wave that strikes his hold;
At length lets go, and drops into the Sea,
And cries for help, but all in vain like me.

Queen. Be gone, and be deliver'd of thy shame.
Let the vile Insect live, and grow to be
A Monster baser, hotter, worse far
Than the ingrateful Parents that begot it.

C. Eff. Ah cruel most remorseless Princess hold,
What has it done to draw such Curses from you?

Queen. Go, let her be close Prisoner in her Chamber.

C. Eff. Since I must go, and from my *Essex* part,
Despair and Death at once come seize my Heart;
Shut me from Light, from Day ne're to be seen,
By humane kind, nor my more cruel Queen;
Yet bless her Heav'n, and hear my *Loyal Prayer*,
May you ne're Love like me, nor ne're despair,

Ne're see the Man at his departing Breath
Whom you so love, and ~~fast~~ ^{will} ~~would~~ ^{have} ~~save~~ ^{from} ~~Death~~;
Least Heav'n be deaf as you are to my Cry,
And you run mad, and be as curst as I.

[Exit C. Essex, carried

away by Women.

Queen. She's gone, but at her parting shot a truth
Into my Breast, has pierc'd my Soul.

Why was I Queen? And why was I not Rutland?

Then had my Princess, as my self did now,

Giv'n Essex such a Ring, and the Reward

Had then been mine, as now the Torment is

O wretched State of Monarchs, theirs is still

The Business of the World, and all the Pains,

Whilst happy Subjects sleeps beneath their Gains

The meanest Mind rules in his humble House

And nothing but the Day sees what he does

But Princes, like the Queen of Night so high,

Their Spots are seen by every Vulgar Eye

And as the Sun, the Planets glorious King,

Gives Life and Growth to every Mortal thing,

And by his Motion all the World is blest,

Whilst he himself can never be at Rest;

So if there are such Blessings in a Throne,

Kings reign 'em down, while they themselves have none.

[Exit Queen.]

Enter Albus Quartus.

Actus Quintus. Scena prima.

Sir Walter Rawleigh with the Queens Guards,
The Lieutenant of the Tower.

Raw. **M**R. Lieutenant, here expires my Charge.
I received Orders from her Majesty
And the Lord Steward, to return the Prisoners
Safe in your Custody, and with you I leave 'em.
With charge to have 'em in a readiness,
For Execution will be very speedy.

Lieut. I shall, Sir.

Enter the Countess of Nottingham.

Raw. Ha! The Lady Nottingham!
What makes her here?

Raw.

The Unhappy Favourite,

Nott. Where is my Lord of *Essex*?
I am commanded straight to speak with him,
And bring a Message from her Majesty.

Raw. Madam,
What News can this strange Visit bring?
How fares the Queen? Are her Resolves yet steadfast?

Nott. No, when she heard that *Essex* was condemn'd,
She started and look'd pale, then blushing red,
And said that Execution should be straight,
Then stopt, and said she'd hear first from the Earl:
So she retir'd and pass'd an hour in Thought,
None daring to interrupt her, till in haste
She sent for me, Commanding me to go
And tell my Lord from her, she could resist
No longer her Subjects loud demands for Justice,
And therefore wisht, if he had any Reasons
That were of weight to stay his Execution,
That he wou'd send 'em straight by me: then blusht
Again, and sigh'd, and press'd my hand,
And pray'd me to be secret, and deliver
What *Essex* shou'd return in answer to her.

Raw. I know not what she means, but doubt th'Event;
You can tell best the cause of her disturbance.
I will to *Burleigh*, and then both of us
Will make Attempts to recollect the Queen.

[Exit Rawleigh and Guards.]

Nott. Pray bring me to my Lord.

Lieut. Madam, I will acquaint him that y'are here. *[Exit Lieut.]*

Nott. Now Dragons Blood distill through all my Veins,
And Gaul instead of Milk swell up my breasts,
That nothing of the Woman may appear;
But horrid Cruelty, and hence Revenge.

Enter Essex.

He comes with such a Gallantry and Port,
As if his Miseries were Harbingers,
And Death the State to let his Person out,
Wrongs less than mine, though in a Tiger's Breast
Might now be reconcil'd to such an Object;
But slighted Love my Sex can ne forget.
Ess. Madam, this is a Miracle of Favour,
A double goodness in my Royal Mistress,
To employ the fair, the injured, to attend
And 'tis no less in you to condescend
To see a wretch like me that has deserv'd
No favour at your hands.

Nott.

Nott. No more, my Lord, the Queen,
The gracious Queen commends her Pity to you,
Pity by me that owe a great deal more
You know, and wish that I were once your Queen;
To give you what my heart has had so long in store.

Eff. Then has my Death more Charms than Life can promise,
Since my Queen pities me, and you forgive me.

Nott. Hold, good my Lord, that is not all, she sends
To know if you can any thing propose
To mitigate your Doom, and stay your Death,
Which else can be no longer than this Day.
Next, if y^e are satisfy'd with ev'ry passage
In your late Tryal, if 'twere fair and legal,
And if y^e ave those Exceptions that are real
She'll answer them ?

Eff. Still is my Death more welcom,
And Life wou'd be a burthen to my Soul,
Since I can ne're requite such Royal Goodness.
Tell her then, fair and charitable Messenger,
That *Essex* does acknowledge every Crime,
His Guilt unworthy of such wond'rous Mercy,
Thanks her bright Justice, and the Lords his Judges,
For all was Gracious and Divine like her ;
And I have now no Injustice to accuse,
Nor Enemy to blame that was the Cause,
Nor Innocence to save me but the Queen.

Nott. Ha, is this true ! How he undoes my Hopes !
And is that all ? have you not one Request
To ask, that you can think the Queen will grant you ?

[*Aside.*]

Eff. I have, and humbly 'tis that she wou'd please
To spare my Life ; not that I fear to dye,
But in submission to her Heav'nly Justice,
I own my Life a forfeit to her Power,
And therefore ought to beg it of her Mercy.

Nott. If this be real, my Revenge is lost.

[*Aside.*]

Is there naught else that you rely upon,
Only submitting to the Queen's meer Mercy,
And barely asking her so great a Grace ?
Have you no other hopes ?

Eff. Some Hopes I have.

Nott. What are they, pray, my Lord ? declare 'em boldly,
For to that only purpose I am sent.

Eff. Then I am happy, happiest of mankind,
Blest in the rarest mercy of my Queen,
And such a Friend as you, blest in you both ;
The Extasie will let me hold no longer—
Behold this Ring the Proof of my Life ;

At last y'ave pull'd the secret from my Heart.
This precious token——

Amidst my former Triumphs in her favour
She took from off her Finger, and bestow'd
On me——Mark, with the Promise of a Queen,
Of her bright self less failing than an Oracle,
That in what Exigence or State so e're
My Life was in, that time when I gave back,
Or shou'd return this Ring again to her,
She'd then deny me nothing I cou'd ask.

Nott. O give it me, my Lord, and quickly let
Me bear it to the Queen, and ask your Life.

Ess. Hold, generous Madam, I receiv'd it on
My Knees, and on my Knees I will restore it.
Here take it, but consider what you take:

'Tis the Life, Blood, and very Soul of *Ess.*

I've heard that by a skilful Artist's Hand,
The Bowels of a wretch were taken out,
And yet he liv'd; you are that gallant Artist,
O touch it as you would the Seals of Life,
And give it to my Royal Mistress Hand,
As you wou'd pour my Blood back in its empty Channels,
That gape and thirst like Fishes on the Ouse
When Streams run dry, and their own Element
Forakes 'em; if this shou'd in the least miscarry,
My Life's the purchase that the Queen will have for't.

Nott. Doubt you my care, my Lord? I hope you do not.

Ess. I will no more suspect my Fate, nor you:
Such Beauty, and such Merits must prevail.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. The Earl of *Sourhampton* having leave,
Desires to speak with you, my Lord.

Nott. Repose
Your mind, and take no thought but to be happy;
I'll send you Tidings of a lasting Life.

Ess. A longer and much happier Life attend
Both my good Queen and you.

Nott. Farewell, my Lord——

Yes, a much longer Life than thine, I hope,
And if thou chance to dream of such strange things,
Let it be there where lying Poets feign
Elysium is, where Myrtles lovely spread,
Trees of delicious Fruit invite the Taste,
And sweet *Arabian* Plants delight the Smell,
Where pleasant Gardens dress'd with curious care

[*Kneels and
gives Not-
tingham the
Ring.*]

[*Exit Ess.*]

By Lovers Ghosts, shall recreate thy Fancy,
And there perhaps thou soon shalt meet again
With amorous *Rutland*, for she cannot choose
But be Romantick now, and follow thee——

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Wom. Madam, the Queen.

Nott. Ha ! that's unlucky——She come to the Tower !
Yet 'tis no matter ; see him I am sure
She will not, or at worst will be perfwaded.

Enter the Queen.

Queen. How now, dear *Nottingham*, hast seen the Earl?
I left *White-hall*, because I cou'd not rest
For Crowds that hollow'd for their Executions,
And others that Petition'd for the Traytors.
Quick, tell me, hast thou done as I Commanded ?

Nott. Yes, Madam, I have seen and spoke with him.

Queen. And what has he said to thee for himself ?

Nott. At my first converse with him I did find him
Not totally despairing, nor complaining ;
But yet a haughty Melancholy
Appear'd in all his Looks, that shew'd him rather
Like one that had more Care
Of future Life than this.

Queen. Well, but what said he,
When thou awak'd'st him with hopes of Pity ?

Nott. To my first Question put by your Command,
Which was to know if he were satisfied
In the proceedings of his lawful Tryal,
He answer'd with a careless Tone and Gesture,
That it was true, and he must needs confess
His Trial lookt most fair to all the World ;
But yet he too well knew,
The Law that made his Actions Treason,
Consulted but with Foes and Circumstances,
And never took from Heav'n or *Essex* Thoughts
A President or Cause that might condemn him,
For if they had the least been read in either,
They wou'd have quickly found his Innocence.

Queen. Ha !

Nott. That was but the Prologue, mark what follows.

Queen. What, durst he be so bold to brand my Justice !

Nott. I pray'd that he wou'd urge that Sence no more,
But since he was condemn'd and stood in need

Of Mercy, to implore it of your Majesty,
And beg his Life which you would not deny :
For to that end I said that you were pleas'd
To send me to him, and then told him all,
Nay more than you commanded me to say.

Queen. What said he then ? that alter'd him I hope.

Nott. No, not at all, but as I have seen a Lyon
That has been play'd withall with gentle stroaks,
Has at the last been jested into Madness ;
Soon on a sudden started into Passion
The furious Earl, his Eyes grew fiery red,
His words precipitate, and speech disorder'd ;
Let the Queen have my blood, said he, 'tis that
She longs for, pour it to my Foes to drink
As Hunters when the Quarry is run down,
Throw to the Hounds his Intrails for Reward.
I have enough to spare, but by the Heav'ns
I swear, were all my Veins like Rivers full,
And if my Body held a Sea of Blood,
I'd lose it all to the last Innocent drop,
Before I'de like a Villain beg my Life.

Queen. Hold, *Nottingham*, and say th'art not in earnest—
Can this be true, so impudent a Traytor !

Nott. That's but the Gloss, the Colour of his Treason,
But after he did paint himself to th' Life.

Wou'd the Queen, said he, have me own a Treason,
Impose upon my self a Crime, the Law
Has found me guilty of by her Command ;
And so by asking of my Forfeit Life,
Clear and proclaim her Justice to the World,
And stain my self for ever ; no I'll dye first.

Queen. Enough, I'll hear no more, you wrong him, 'tis
Impossible he shou'd be such a Devil.

Nott. Madam I've done.

Queen. I prithee pardon me—
But could he say all this !

Nott. He did, and more ;

But 'tis no matter, 'twill not be believ'd .
If I should tell the half of what he utter'd,
How Insolent and how Profane he us'd you.

Queen. You need not, I had rather
Believe it all than put you to the trouble
To tell it o're again, and me to hear it.
Then I am lost, betray'd by this false Man.
My Courage, Power, my Pity all betray'd,
And like that Gyant, Patriarch of the Jews,
Bereft at once both of his sight and strength

By Treacherous Foes, I wander in the dark,
By *Essex* weakened, and by *Essex* blinded;
But then as he pray'd that his strength might grow,
At once to be reveng'd on them and dye,
So grant me Heav'n but so much Resolution
To grope my way where I may lay but hold
On whatsoe're this huge *Colossus* stands,
I'll pull the Scaffold down, down, tho o're my Head,
And lose my Life to be reveng'd on his——
Well *Nottingham*, I have but one word more,
Talkt not this wicked Creature of no Reason,
No Obligation that I had to save
His Life?

Nott. No, but far worse than I have told you.

Queen. Sure thou art most unhappy in ill News!

No Promise, nor Token did he speak of?

Nott. Not the least word, and if there are such things,
I do suppose he keeps 'em to himself,
For reasons that I know not.

Queen. 'Tis most false,

He needs must tell thee all, and thou betray'st him.

Nott. Your Majesty does me wrong——

Queen. Hear me——

Oh I can hold no longer——Say, sent he
No Ring, no Token, nor no Message by thee?

Nott. Not any on the forfeit of my Life.

Queen. Thou lyest——Can Earth Produce so vile a Creature!——

Hence from my sight, and see my Face no more——
Yet tarry *Nottingham*——Come back again.

This may be true, and I am still the Wretch
To blame and to be pity'd——Prithee pardon me;
Forget my Rage, thy Queen is sorry for't.

Nott. I wou'd your Majesty instead of me,
Had sent a Person that you cou'd confide in,
Or else that you wou'd see the Earl your self on his knees
Well, and the Queen your self, and the Queen your self.

Queen. Prithee no more; go to him!

No, but I'll send a Message for his Head:
His Head's the Token that my wrongs require.
And his base Blood the Stream to quench my Fury.

Prithee invent: for thou art wondrous witty
At such inventions; teach my feeble Malice
How to torment him with a thousand Deaths,
Or what is worse than Death——Speak, my *Medea*,
And thou wilt then oblige thy Queen for ever.

Nott. First Sign an Order for his Execution.

Queen. Say, it is done, but how to torture him!

Nott. And hope you are better? for you must have
This very hour.

Not. Then as the Lords are carrying to the Block,
 Condoling both their sad Misfortunes,
 Which to departing Souls is some delight,
 Order a Pardon for *Southampton's* Life,
 It will be worse than Hell to *Essex's* Soul
 Where 'tis a going, to see his Friend snatcht from him,
 And make him curse his so much Pride and Folly
 That lost his own Life, in exchange for his.

Queen. That was well thought on!

Not. This is but the least.
 The next will be a fatal stroak, a blow indeed,
 A thousand Heads to lose is not so dreadful.
 Let *Rutland* see him at the very Moment
 Of her expiring Husband; she will hang
 Worse than his Guilt upon him, lure his Mind,
 And pull it back to Earth again; double
 All the fierce Pangs of Thought and Death upon him,
 And make his loaded Spirits sink to Hell.

Queen. O th'art the *Machiavel* of all the Sex,
 Thou bravest, most heroick for Invention!
 Come, let's dispatch——

Enter Burleigh, Rawleigh, Lords, Attendants, and Guards.

My Lords, see Execution done on *Essex*;
 But for *Southampton*, I will pardon him;
 His Crimes he may repent of; they were not
 So great, but done in friendship to the other.
 Act my Commands with speed, that both of us
 May straight be out of Torment——My Lord *Burleigh*,
 And you Sir *Walter Rawleigh* see't perform'd;
 I'll not return till you have brought the News.

[Exit Queen and Nottingham.]

Raw. I wou'd she were a hundred Leagues from hence,
 Well, and the Crown upon her Head; I fear
 She'll not continue in this mind a Moment.

Bur. Then't shall be done this Moment——Who attends?
 Bid the Lieutenant have his Prisoners ready.
 Now we may hope to see fair days again.
 In *England*, when this hovering Cloud is vanish,
 Which hung so long betwixt our Royal Sun
 And us, but soon will visit us with Smiles,
 And raise her drooping Subjects Hearts——

Enter the two Earls, the Lieutenant and Guards.

My Lord,
 We bring an Order for your Execution,
 And hope you are prepar'd; for you must dye
 This very hour.

South.

South. Indeed the time is sudden! —

Ess. Is Death th' Event of all my flatter'd Hopes!
False Sex, and Queen more perjur'd than them all!

But dye I will without the least Complaint,

My Soul shall vanish silent as the Dew

Attracted by the Sun from verdent Fields,

And Leaves of weeping Flowers——Come, my dear Friend,

Partner in Fate, give me thy Body in

These faithful Arms, and O now let me tell thee,

And you, My Lords, and Heav'n my Witness too,

I have no weight, no heaviness on my Soul,

But that I've lost my dearest Friend his Life.

South. And I protest by the same Powers Divine,

And to the World, 'tis all my happiness,

The greatest Bliss my Mind yet e're enjoy'd,

Since we must dye, my Lord, to dye together.

Burl. The Queen, my Lord *Southampton*, has been pleas'd

To grant particular mercy to your Person;

And has by us sent you a Reprieve from Death,

With Pardon of your Treasons, and commands

You to depart immediately from hence.

South. O my unguarded Soul! Sure never was

A man with mercy wounded so before!

Ess. Then I am loose to steer my wandering Voyage,

Like a glad Vessel that has long been cross'd,

And bound by adverse Winds, at last gets liberty,

And joyfully makes all the Sail she can,

To reach its wish'd for Part——Angels protect

The Queen; for her my chiefest Prayers shall be,

That as in time sh'as spar'd my noble Friend,

And owns his Crimes worth mercy, may she ne're

Think so of me too late when I am dead——

Again *Southampton*, let me hold thee fast,

For 'tis my last Embrace.

South. O be less kind, my Friend, or move less Pity,

Or I shall sink beneath the weight of Sadness;

Witness the Joy I have in Life to part

With you; witness these Woman's Throbs and Tears;

I weep that I am doom'd to live without you,

And shou'd have smil'd to share the Death of *Essex*.

Ess. O spair this tenderness for one that needs it,

For her that I'll commit to all that I

Can claim of my *Southampton*——O my Wife!

Methinks that very name shou'd stop thy Pity,

And make thee Covetous of all as lost

That is not meant to her——Be a kind Friend

To her, as we have been to one another;

Name not the dying *Effex* to thy Queen
Least it shou'd cost a Tear, nor ne're offend her.

South. O stay, my Lord, let me have one word more,
One last farewell before the greedy Axe
Shall part my Friend, my only Friend from me,
And *Effex* from himself——I know not what
Are call'd the Pangs of Death, but sure I am
I feel an Agony that's worse than Death——
Farewell.

Eff. Why that's well said——Farewell to thee——
Then let us part, just like two Travellers
Take distant Paths, only this difference is,
Thine is the longest, mine the shortest way——
Now let me go——If there's a Throne in Heaven
For the most brave of Men and best of Friends,
I will bespeak it for *Southampton*.

South. And I, while I have life will Hoard thy Memory;
When I am dead, we then shall meet again.

Eff. Till then Farewell.

South. Till then Farewell.

Eff. Now on my Lords, and execute your Office—— [Exit *South*]

Enter Countesss of Essex and Women.

My Wife! Nay then my Stars will ne're have done.

Malicious Planets reign, I'll bear it all

To your last drop of Venom on my Head——

Why cruel Lovely Creature dost thou come

To add to Sorrow if't be Possible:

A Figure more lamenting? Why this kindness,

This killing kindness now at such a time?

To add more Woes to thine and my misfortunes.

C. Eff. The Queen my Lord has been so merciful,

Or cruel, name it as you please, to let

Me see my *Effex* ere he dies.

Eff. Has she?

Then let's improve this very little time

Our niggard Fate allows us: For w're owing

To this short space all the dear love we had

In store for many happy promis'd years.

C. Eff. What hinders then but that we shou'd be happy,

Whilst others live long years, and sip, and taste,

Like Niggards of their Loves, we'll take whole Draughts.

Eff. Then let's embrace in Extasies and Joys,

Drink all our Honey up in one short moment,

That shou'd have serv'd us for our Winter-store,

Be lavish and profuse like wanton Heirs

That

That waste their whole Estates at once,
For the kind Queen takes Care and has ordain'd
That we shall never live to want.

Burl. My Lord,

Prepare, the very utmost time's at hand,
And we must straight perform the Queens Command
In leading you to Justice.

C. Eff. Hold, good *Lucifer*!

Be kind a little, and defer Damnation,
Thou canst not think how I will worship thee,
No *Indian* shall adore thee as I will,
Thou shalt have Martyrs, and whole Hecatombs
Of slaughter'd Innocents to suck their Blood,
Widows Estates and Orphans without number,
Manners and Parks more than thy Lust requires,
Till thou shalt dye and leave a King's Estate
Behind thee.

Eff. Pr'y thee spare thy precious Heart,
That fluttering so with Passion in thy Breast,
Has almost bruis'd its tenderness to Death.

C. Eff. Why ask I him, and think of Pity there!
From him on whom kind Heav'n has set a Mark,
A heap of Rubbish at the Door to shew
No cleanly Virtue can inhabit there—
Malicious Toad, and which is worse, foul *Cecili*,
I tell thee *Essex* soon shall reign in Heav'n,
While thou shalt grovel in the Den of Hell;
Roar like the Damn'd, and tremble to behold him:
Go share Dominions with the Powers of Hell;
For *Lucifer* himself will ne're dispute
Thy great Desert in wickedness above him,
Nor who's the uglier Fiend; thy self or he.

Raw. My Lord, you think not of the Queens Commands,
And can you stand thus unconcern'd, and hear
Your self so much abus'd?

Burl. Be patient, *Rawleigh*,
The pain is all her own, and hurts not *Cecili*,
She will be weary sooner than my self—
Poor innocent and most unhappy Lady,
I pity her.

C. Eff. Why, dost thou pity me!
Nay then I'm fain into a low Estate
Indeed; if Hell compassionates my Miseries,
They must be greater than the damn'd endure—
I prithee pardon me—Ah my lov'd Lord,
My heart begins to break; let me go with thee,
And see the fatal blow given to my *Essex*,

That will be sure to rid me soon of Torments ;

And 'twill be kindness in thee——do, my Lord,

Then we shall both be quit of pain together.

Eff. Ah, why was I condemn'd to this, what Man
But *Effex* ever felt a weight like this !

C. Eff. O we must never part——Support my Head,
My sinking Head, and lay it to the Pulse,
The throbbing Pulse that beats about thy Heart,
'Tis Musick to my Sences——O my Love !
I have no tears left in me that shou'd ease
A wretch that longs for Pity——I am past
All Pity, and my poor tormented Heart,
And Spirits within are quite consum'd : and Tears
Which is the Balm, the Scorpions Blood that cures
The biting pain of Sorrow, quite have left me,
And I am now a wretched hopelefs Creature,
Full of substantial Misery, without
One drop of Remedy.

Eff. Th'art pale, thy Breath
Grows chill, and like the Morning Air on Roses,
Leaves a cold Dew upon thy redder Lips——
She strives, and holds me like a drowning wretch——
O now, my Lords, if pity ever blest you,
If you were never nurs'd by Tigers, help me——
Now, now, you cruel Heav'ns ! I plainly see,
'Tis not your Swords, your Axes, nor Diseases,
Which make the Death of Man so fear'd, and painful,
But 'tis such horrid Accidents as these——
She opens her Eyes, which with a waining look,
Like sickly Stars give a faint glimmering Light.

C. Eff. Where is my Love !
O think not to get loose, for I'm resolv'd
To stick more close to thee than Life ; and when
That's going, mine shall run the Race with thine,
And both together reach the happy Goal.

Eff. Now I am shock'd, torn up, and rooted all
That's Humane in me——What, you merciless Heavens,
What is't that makes poor Man distracted, mad,
Prophane, to curse the Day, himself, the Heavens
That made him, but less miseries than mine ?
Why, why you Powers do you exact from Man
More than your World and all that lye beside ?
The Sea is never calm when Tempests blow,
Tall Woods and Cedars murmur at the Wind,
And when your horrid Earth quakes cleave the Ground,
The Center groans, and Nature takes its part,
As if they did design to break your Laws.

And shake your Fetters off; nay your own Heavens
When Thunders roar, Rebel, the Sun ingages,
And all the warring Elements resist:
Heav'n, Seas, and Land are suffer'd to contend,
But man alone is curst if he complain——
Farewell my everlasting Love, 'tis vain,
'Tis all in vain against resistless Fate
That pulls me from thee.

[Gives her a Letter]
Here, give this Paper to the Queen, which when
She reads, perhaps she will be kind to thee.

C. Eff. Wilt thou not let me go?
I am prepar'd to see the deadly stroke,
And at that time the Fatal Axe falls on thee,
It will be sure to cut the twisted Cord
Of both our Lives asunder.

Eff. We must part——
Thou Miracle of Love, and Virtues all,
Farewell, and may thy Essex sad Misfortunes
Be doubl'd all in Blessings on thy Soul——
Still, still thou grasps me like the Pangs of Death——
Ha! now she faints, and like a Wretch
Striving to climb a steep, and slippery Breach,
With many hard Attempts gets up, and still
Slides down again, so she lets go at last
Her eager hold, and sinks beneath her weight——
Support her all——

Burl. My Lord she will recover;
Pray leave her with her Woman, and make use
Of this so kind an Opportunity
To part with her.

Eff. Cruel hard-hearted Burleigh!
Most Barbarous Cecil.

Burl. See, my Lord, ——
She soon will come t'her self, and you must leave her ——
Haste away.

Licut. Make way there.

Eff. Look to her, faithful Servants, while she lives
She'll be a tender Mistress to you all——
Come, push me off then, since I must swim o're,
Why do I stand thus shivering on the Shore?
'Tis but a Breath, and I no more shall think,
Mix with the Sun or into Atoms shrink:
Lift up thy Eyes no more in search of mine,
Till I am dead, then glad she World with thine——
This kiss (O that it wou'd for ever last!)
Gives me of Immortality a Taste——
Farewel,

The Unhappy Favourite,

May all that's past when thou recover'st seem
Like a glad waking from a fearful Dream.

Exeunt Effex to Execution, Burleigh, Rawleigh, Lieut. and Guards.
[*Manent Countess of Essex with Women.*]

Wom. See, she revives.

C. Eff. Where is my *Effex*, where?

Wom. Alas! I fear by this time he's no more.

C. Eff. Why did you wake me then from such bright Objects?
I saw my *Effex* mount with Angels wings
(Whilst I rode on the beauteous Cherubin,)
And took me on 'em, bore me o're the World
Through everlasting Skies, Eternal Light.

Wom. Be Comforted.

C. Eff. Sure we're the only Pair
Can boast of such a Pomp of Misery,
And none was e're substantially so curst,
Since the first Couple that knew Sorrow first;
Yet they were happy, and for Paradise
Found a new World unskill'd, unfraught with Vice,
No Tyrant to molest 'em, nor no Sword,
All that had Life Obedience did afford,
No Pride but Labour there and healthful Pains,
No Thief to rob them of their honest Gains:
Ambition now the Plague of ev'ry Thought,
Then was not known, or else was unbegot.

Enter the Queen, Countess of Nottingham, Lords and Attendants.

Queen. Behold where the poor *Rutland* lyes, almost
As dead, and low as *Effex* in his Grave.
Can be, and I want but a very little
To be more miserable than 'em both—
Rise, rise unfortunate and mournful *Rutland*,
I know not what to call thee now, but wish
I could not call thee by the name of *Effex*—
Rise, and behold thy Queen, I say,
That bends to take thee in her Arms.

C. Eff. O never think to charm me with such sounds,
Such hopes that are too distant from my Soul,
For 'tis but Preaching Heaven to one that's Damn'd—
O take your Pity back, most cruel Queen,
Give it to those that want it for a Cure,
My griefs are Mortal, Remedies are vain,
And thrown away on such a wretch as I—
Here is a Paper from my Lord to you,
It was his last Request that you would Read it.

Queen.

Queen. Giv't me——but oh how much more welcom had
The Ring been in its stead. [Reads to her self.]

C. Nott. Ha! I'm betray'd. [Aside]

Queen. Hasten, see if Execution yet be done,
If not, prevent it——Fly with Angels Wings——[Officer goes out.]
Oh thou far worse than Serpent——worse than Woman!
Ah Rutland! here's the Cruel cause of both our Woes,
Mark this, and help to Curse her for thy Husband.

The Queen reads the Letter.

Madam;

I Receive my Death with the Willingness and Submission of a Subject, and
as it is the will of Heav'n and of Your Majesty, with this Request that
you wou'd be pleas'd to bestow that Royal Pity on my Poor Wife which is deny'd to me, and my last flying Breath shall bless you. I have but one Thing
to repent of since my Sentence, which is, that I sent the Ring by Nottingham,
fearing it shou'd once put my Queen in mind of her broken Vow.
Essex.

Repentance, Horrors, Plagues, and deadly Poysons,
Worse than a thousand Deaths torment thy Soul.

C. Nott. Madam——

Queen. Condemn me first to hear the Groans of Ghosts,
The Croaks of Ravens, and the damn'd in Torments,
Just Heav'n, 'tis Musick to what thou can'st utter;
Begone——Fly to that utmost verge of Earth,
Where the Globe's bounded with Eternity,
And never more be seen of humane kind,
Curst with long Life, and with a fear to dye,
With thy Guilt ever in thy Memory.
And Essex Ghost be still before thy Eye.

C. Nott. I do confess——

Queen. Quick, bear her from my sight, her words are blasting,
Her Eyes are Basilisks, infection reigns
Where e're she breaths; go shut her in a Cave,
Or chain her to some Rock whole Worlds from hence,
The distance is too near; there let her live
Howling to th' Seas to rid her of her pain,
For she and I must never meet again——
Away with her.

C. Nott. I go——but have this comfort in my Doom;
I leave you all with greater Plagues at home. [Exit Nott.]

Enter Burleigh and Rawleigh.

Bur. Madam your Orders came too late——
The Earl was Dead——

Queen. Then I wish thou wer't dead that say'st it;

But

The Unhappy Favourite,

But I'll be just, and curse none but my self——

What said he when he came so soon to dye?

Burl. Indeed his End, made so by woful Casualties,
Was very sad and full of Pity,

But at the block all Hero he appear'd,

Or else to give him a more Christian Title,

A Martyr arm'd with Resolution,

Said little, but did bless your Majesty,

And dy'd full of Forgiveness to the World;

As was no doubt his Soul that soon expir'd.

Queen. Come thou choice Relict of lamented *Essex*,

Call me no more by th' name of Queen, but Friend.

When thy dear Husband's Death Reveng'd shall be,

Pity my Fate, but lay no Guilt on me,

Since 'tis th' Almighty's Pleasure, though severe,

To punish thus his Faithful Regents here,

To lay on Kings his hardest Task of Rule,

And yet has given 'em but a Humane Soul.

The subtil Paths of Traytors Hearts to view,

Reason's too dark, a hundred Eyes too few;

Yet when by Subjects we have been betray'd,

The blame is ours, their Crimes on us are laid,

And that which makes a Monarch's happiness,

Is not in Reigning well, but with Success.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

EP ILOGUE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

WE Act by Fits and Starts, like drowning Men,
But just peep up, and then drop down again;
Let those who call us Wicked change their sence,
For never men liv'd more on Providence,
Nor Lott'ry Cavilers are half so poor,
Nor Broken Cits, nor a Vacation Whore,
Not Courts nor Courtiers living on the Rents
Of the three last ungiuing Parliaments.
So wretched, that if Pharaoh could Divine
He might have spar'd his Dream of seven lean Kine,
And chang'd the Vision for the Muses Nine.
The Comet which they say portends a Dearth,
Was but a Vapour drawn from Play-house Earth,
Sent here since our last Fire, and Lilly says,
Foreshows our change of State and thin third days.
'Tis not our want of Wit that keeps us poor,
For then the Printers Press would suffer more:
Their Pamphleteers their Venom daily spit,
They thrive by Treason, and we starve by Wit.
Confess the truth, which of you has not laid
Four Farthings out to buy the Hatfield Maid?
Or what is duller yet, and more does spite us,
Democritus his Wars with Heraclitus?
These are the Authors that have run us down,
And Exercise you Criticks of the Town;
Yet these are Pearls to your Lampooning Rhimes,
I' abuse your selves more dully than the Times;
Scandal, the Glory of the English Nation,
Is worn to Rags, and Scribled out of Fashion;
Such harmless Thrusts, as if like Fencers Wise,
You had agree'd your Play before the Prize.
Faith you may hang your Harps upon the Willows;
'Tis just like Children when they box with Pillows.
Then put an end to Civil Wars for shame,
Let each Knight Errant who has wrong'd a Dame,
Throw down his Pen, and give her if he can,
The satisfaction of a Gentleman.

To the upper
Gallery.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Intended to be spoken, Written by the Author.

T I S said when the Renown'd Augustus Reign'd,
That all the World in Peace and Wealth remain'd,
And though the School of Action, War was o're,
Arms, Arts, and Letters then increas'd the more.
All these sprung from our Royal Virgins Bays,
And flourish'd better than in Cæsar's Days;
And only in her time at once was seen
So brave a Souldier, States-man, and a Queen.
Her Reign may be compar'd to that above,
As the best Poet, Cæsar's did to Jove:
For as great Julius built the mighty'st Throne,
And left Rome's first large Empire to his Son,
Under whose weight, till Her, we all did groan;
So her great Father was the first that struck
Rome's Triple Crown; but she threw off the Yoke:
Straight at her Birth new Light the Heav'ns adorn'd,
Which more than Fifteen hundred Years had mourn'd,
But hold, I'm bid to let you understand,
That when our Poet took this Work in Hand,
He trembl'd straight, like Prophets in a Dream,
Her awful Genius stood, and threaten'd him,
Her modest Beauties only he has shown,
And has her Character so nicely drawn,
That if her self in purest Robes of Light,
Shou'd come from Heav'n, and bless us with her sight,
She would not blush to hear what he has Writ.
Therefore——
To all the shining Sex this Play's address,
But move the Court, the Planets of the Rest;
You who on Earth are Man's best, softest Fate,
So that when Heav'n with some ruff Peace has met,
It sends him you to mould, and new Create.
Strange ways to Virtue, some may think to prove,
But yet the best and surest Path is Love,
Love like the Ermine, is so nice a Guest,
He never enters in a vitious Breast.
If you are pleas'd, we will be bold to say,
This modest Poem is the Ladies Play.

FINIS.